

# Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.



Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

Vol. XVII.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1888.

No. 6.

## Free Trade or Protection?

In the matter of INSURANCE it is the duty of every one owning property liable to be destroyed by fire, to seek

## PROTECTION

in some one of the reliable Companies represented by

R. W. HILLIARD, Resident Agt., 2 Swan's Block, ARLINGTON.  
BOSTON OFFICE 33 CENTRAL STREET.

## LOTS OF GREAT BARGAINS!

In Slightly Damaged

## Boots, Shoes, Clothing, etc.

AT THE OLD CORNER.

L. C. Tyler, Bank Building.

## SEASONABLE GOODS!

## F. P. WINN'S Pleasant Street Market.

Canned Goods of every sort, put up expressly for him,

Bolled Cider, Assorted Nuts, Fruit, Malaga Grapes, Vegetables of all kinds, Minced Meat, ready for baking, a superior article. 5lb boxes of Butter, choice article.

Meat, Poultry and Game.

ARE YOU READY?

GO!

## To Robinson's, in Bank Block,

and see the splendid array of

## Seasonable Goods

there displayed. Never before has such a large assortment been offered to the people of Arlington and vicinity. The stock embraces a full line of

PLUSH GOODS, CARDS, ALBUMS, TOYS, DOLLS, BOOKS  
of all kinds, Cologne, Stationery, Handkerchiefs, Etc.

Call early and get the best variety and also avoid the rush of the last day or two. Remember the place,

Bank Block. I. E. Robinson.

OUR STORE IN SWAN'S BLOCK CONTAINS

all the regular goods found in first class stores

E. E. UPHAM,

—DEALER IN—

Beef, Pork, Lamb,  
Veal, Ham, Tripe, &c.

BUTTER, EGGS, LARD, CHEESE,

GAME and VEGETABLES of all kinds in their SEASON.

ARLINGTON AVENUE, ARLINGTON.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.  
To the Heirs at Law, next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the estate of AMMI CUTTER, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased:

GREETING: Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased was presented to the Probate Court, Boston, by Dr. John L. Cutler, who proves that interest in the same may be vested in her, the testatrix therein named, and that she may be exempt from giving a warranty or surety on her bond pursuant to said will and statute. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first TUESDAY of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause why the said will and testament is not to be admitted to probate.

And if said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Arlington Advocate*, printed at Arlington, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. HARRIS, Notary, Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight. J. E. STILES, Notary.

CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor.

## Manure For Sale,

From several Stables of the West End Street Railway Co. at the South End, South Boston, and Highlands. Apply to

HENRY F. WOODS, Purchasing Agt.

W. E. St. R. Co., 16 Kilby St., Boston.

FOR RENT.

Westerly half of House corner Academy street and Arlington on avenue. There are nine rooms, splendid cellar and good water, near churches, school house, etc., etc. For terms apply to the adjoining house, or to

G. S. PARKER, Advocate Office.

S. P. PRENTISS,

Teacher of

PIANO, ORGAN AND VIOLIN:

Director of Chorus and Orchestra.

Violins for Sale.

PEABODY ST., ARLINGTON.

## About Town Matters IN ARLINGTON.

—How about the new seats for Town Hall?

—The Loyal Temperance Legion have in preparation another entertainment.

—Mr. S. E. Kimball has disposed of his interest in Winn's Express.

—Dramatic entertainment at the Unitarian church this evening.

—Entertainment in Unitarian church vestry this (Friday) evening. A fine bill is to be presented.

—The "Six Odd Associates" have chosen March 7th as the date of their masquerade this year.

—D-partment convention of the Relief Corps coming on Feb. 9th, the regular meeting of Relief Corps No. 43 will be postponed until Feb. 23d.

—Saturday evening, in spite of the intense cold (the thermometer at nine degrees below zero) there was quite a gathering of the Toboggan Club to engage in this fascinating sport.

—A party of young people, chiefly resident on Pleasant street, enjoyed a sleigh ride Wednesday evening. The party went to Lexington and were entertained at the Russell House.

—For eight consecutive Sabbaths it has stormed or been bitterly cold. The mild winter which some predicted has proved the most rigorous of any for a long series of years.

—The milder weather which came with the closing days of January was grateful to everybody—even the plumbers—for they have had all too much to attend to in thawing water pipes and repairing the breaks caused by the frost.

—The regular meeting of the Young Peoples' Christian Union will be held Sunday evening, at six o'clock, in the small vestry of the Baptist church. Leader, Herbert P. Schwamb. All are cordially invited.

—Mr. David Clerk's large sleighing barge has been in constant demand during the sleighing carnival. He has furnished conveyance for quite a number of parties from other towns besides our own. The usual destination is Lexington.

—Meeting of the Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor, Sunday evening, at six o'clock, at the Pleasant Street Congregational church, are preparing for a sale to be held in the vestries of the church, the latter part of this month.

—Last fall Dr. Winn purchased from Parker & Wood four bulbs of the Lilium Harrisii. In the sunny alcove of his room they have grown to the remarkable height of over six feet, and during the past two weeks have been adorned with more than two dozen beautiful blossoms, filling the house with their fragrance. The sight presented is one of rare beauty.

—The young ladies of the Missionary Circle connected with the Pleasant St. Congregational church, are preparing for a sale to be held in the vestries of the church, the latter part of this month.

—An enjoyable, social dancing party was given in Town Hall on Tuesday evening. The management of the affair devolved on Mr. Arthur Goodwin, and the party was a signal success in every respect and was fully attended by a congenial company.

—On Friday evening a party of young people of our town enjoyed a sleigh-ride through Brighton, Watertown and Belmont. On returning, they partook of a supper at the residence of Mr. C. W. Illey, whose daughter was among the party.

—A short time ago Mr. John D. Freeman attained his 88th year, having been born Jan. 22, 1800, and those of his children resident here celebrated the event by a visit to the homestead. Mr. Freeman retains his faculties to a remarkable degree, remembering events of recent occurrence as well as the happenings of boyhood and early manhood.

—The fourteenth annual reunion of Cushing High School Alumni Association will be held in Town Hall on the evening of St. Valentine's Day. Some novel features will be introduced this year and an unusually pleasant and profitable gathering is likely to result. The full particulars will be announced next week. Tickets can be obtained of officers of the Association.

—Local Union No. 22, of the Carpenters and Joiners of America, will hold a public meeting in Dodge's Hall, on Thursday evening, Feb. 9, at 7:30 o'clock. The following gentlemen are expected to address the meeting:—W. J. Shields, president of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America. Geo. W. Clark, of Chelsea. B. C. Smith, of Boston Highlands. Hugh McKay, of East Boston. John T. White, of Boston and others. All other mechanical trades are respectfully invited to attend.

—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of Arlington, held their annual meeting for the election of officers, Friday, Jan. 27th, in the ladies' parlor of Pleasant St. Cong. church. The following members were elected officers for the ensuing year:—Mrs. Wiggin, president; Mrs. Kidder, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Hutchinson, vice presidents; Mrs. Cook, secretary; Miss Simpson, treasurer. The first meeting of the new year will be held Feb. 10, at three o'clock, at the same place. All interested in the cause of temperance are cordially invited to be present.

## Also a fine assortment of

Nuts, Raisins, Oranges, Grapes,

Candy, etc., etc.

## PATENTS,

Coats, Trade Marks and Copyrights

obtained, and all business in the U. S. Patent Office attended to at moderate fees.

Our office is opposite the Patent Office, and we can obtain patents in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model or drawing. We advise as to possibility of new claim; and we make no charge unless we succeed.

We refer here to the Postmaster, the Bureau of Patent Office, and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms and processes to obtain effects in your own State or country, write to

C. A. SHAW & CO.,

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

—A full gang of men was employed on Spy Pond last Sunday.

—The ice harvest from Spy Pond this year is of unusual excellence.

—The new voting list in our hands to be printed is a strong reminder that the spring election is close at hand.

—The Universalist church will hold its annual fair in the Town Hall on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 22 and 23.

—"The Hereafter," will be the subject of Rev. F. A. Gray's sermon at the Universalist church, next Sunday morning.

—M-s-s-rs. Bastine & Gates have put up a new sign this week. It makes a good show and improves the whole front of the building.

—Only the shortest of the winter months now remains. Spring cannot come any too quickly. We have had winter enough.

—A hot box on one of the cars on the ten o'clock train from Boston, Tuesday forenoon, caused the derailment of a car and considerable delay to travel. The accident occurred just above the centre depot at Arlington.

—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will meet next week Friday, in the vestry of the Pleasant St. Congregational church, at three o'clock. A full attendance is desired.

—Rev. Dr. Peirce will occupy the pulpit of the Arlington Heights church on Sunday morning. In the evening Rev. F. A. Gray, of the Universalist church, of Arlington, will address the meeting.

—Last Saturday, on a sled built for Daniel Tappan by Charles Gott, the carriage builder, five cords and one foot of stable manure was hauled from Boston to Arlington—the biggest load on record so far.

—On Thursday evening, Feb. 16, there will be a calling dancing party in Town Hall, given by ladies of the Relief Corps of Francis Gould Post. These parties have always been enjoyable and most successfully managed.

—The annual party of Emmet Boat Club is to be held in Town Hall, this evening. These parties have always been a success, and the one for this year is planned on a scale to warrant the belief that it will bring considerable profit to the treasury.

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—The local circle of the Chautauqua met on Tuesday evening, at the home of Miss Nellie Marston, on Swan's court. The gentlemen of the circle were conspicuous on this occasion for their absence, all being detained by engagements elsewhere. The first on the programme was a roll call, with birthday quotations, followed by the reading of the minutes of the last meeting. A paper was read by Mrs. Kidder, and then came music, and the rest of the programme included talk with the subject of "American Colleges," the reading of the "Spectator" and miscellaneous business.

—A party of about forty members of Paul Revere Temple of Honor and Paul Revere Social Temple, of Malden, turned out in two teams to pay a surprise visit to Mr. Geo. M. Pyne, of Teel St., Arlington, he being a member of the order.

—Mr. T. Holland, of Lowell, and who is well known by railroad employees in this section, as the conductor of the freight trains, was presented a few days ago with an elegant silver water pitcher as a token of friendship and respect, by his many friends on the line of the railroad.

—February Wide Awake has come, bright with pictures and full of entertainment and wisdom for young people. One series of papers alone is enough to make the fortune of a magazine.

—"The Children of the White House," by Mrs. Upton, a familiar sketch of the children of John Adams, with many curious portraits and relics.

—"About Rose Bonheur" by Henry Bacon is accompanied by copies of several of her pictures with a portrait of the artist herself in her studio.

—"My Uncle Florimond" by Sidney Lanier comes to its third instalment.

—Mrs. Sherwood takes "Those Cousins of Mabel's" to Richfield Springs. Olive Risley Seward visits the Great Wall of China. Oscar Fay Adams occupies himself with *Esop*, the story teller. And many more. The number is very rich, varied and interesting. A sample copy can be obtained by sending five cents to the publishers, D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

—The Art Amateur, for February, gives a delightful colored portrait study of a little girl, by Ellen Welby; decorations for a plate (*La France rose*), a lamp (*sun flower*); and a fish-plate; a striking study of orchids, by Victor Dangon; numerous models for wood-carving, embroidery designs for a cushion and a chaise veil, and a page of monograms in Q.

—Articles of special practical interest are those on animal painting (dogs), still-life painting (fish), painting in water-colors, wood-carving and church embroidery. Mrs. Wheeler tells how one may become an artist with the needle, Mr. Shugio discourses on Japanese sword-guards.

There are concerns in New York city, whose success depends upon successful advertising, which pay from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year salary to advertising managers.

Members of the Forty-first Kentucky regiment claim that the United States Government owes them about \$3,000 each on the ground that they were never formally mustered out of the service.

A Florida judge who sentenced fifty tramps to receive each thirty-nine lashes on the bare back was moved by numerous appeals to revoke the sentence, but declares the penalty shall be enforced on the next lot of tramps brought before him.

In these days neither cities nor individuals can set their light under a bushel and still succeed in business. Advertising is the every-day lever to move the wheels of trade, and the newspapers are the most powerful mediums of advertisers.

A London coroner has raised the question whether a man can cough himself to pieces. A broken rib was found in a diseased lunatic, when medical evidence was brought forward to show that under certain abnormal conditions bones may be broken by muscular efforts, or even by a violent fit of coughing.

The fact that Berlin bankers are willing to lend Mexico upward of \$50,000,000 bears witness to the striking transformation of that country under the Diaz Administration. For the first time in thirty years the republic is able to borrow a large sum of money, and avails itself of the accommodation for the honorable purpose of paying debts long outstanding and until recently looked upon as worthless by European creditors.

There is in London an organization called "The Twenty Minutes Work" society. The rules are that any lady who joins this society shall work twenty minutes a day, or two hours a week, for the poor in East London. The garments when finished are generally sold at various mothers' meetings for a nominal sum, the proceeds being given to the sick fund of the parish in which the sale takes place, thus attaining a twofold object.

The London *Times* recently showed that the number of paupers in England and Wales had fallen from 900,000 in 1870 to about 697,000 in 1887, although the population had been increased by 5,700,000. The number of paupers per thousand inhabitants had fallen from 40 to 24. There were in London in 1870 nearly forty paupers to every 1,000 inhabitants, while at the end of August, 1887, there were only twenty-one per 1,000 inhabitants, the ratio for the metropolis during the present year and the last being the smallest on record. These facts are of deep significance.

It is understood from a recent communication from Antwerp to parties in New York, says the *Cultivator*, that the adulteration of American refined lard shipped to the former market has reached such a point and become so general that unless something is done on the American side to raise the standard, there will be legislation passed excluding American refined lard from that market. The cause of these complaints is understood to be chiefly due to the heavy consignment of cotton oil refined lard from the West, which have nearly ruined trade with real lard from that port, which once led all other continental markets in its imports of American lard.

California rejoices in the fact that it has no weather but plenty of climate; likewise in the fact that it has only two seasons to wrestle with, one partly wet and the other wholly dry. But according to the *Alta*, of San Francisco, it has a very "ornery" State seal. "Upon its face," remarks the *Alta*, "is an impossible female, with a head-dress no woman would wear. Alongside of her is a stump-tailed bear nosing a cactus, while in the middle distance is a placer miner brandishing a pickax, and in the back distance is a sheet of alleged water occupied by a few schooners." It think this seal is as vacant as a bunghole or anything suggesting the present resources of the State, and calls for a new seal for New California.

The New York *Sun* says that the Russians are pushing forward the Trans-Caspian Railroad as rapidly as some of our own roads have advanced. The people of Bokhara never saw so novel a sight before as the spectacle of the 7,000 men who are now grading the road through the country where a few years ago no undisguised white man was safe for a moment. The road is now ready for the rails for four-fifths of the way between the Oxus and Samarcand, nearly 300 miles, but the track cannot be laid until the bridge over the Oxus is completed. This bridge, now more than half finished, will be three miles long, and will be one of the largest structures of the sort in the world. It will connect the road now completed to the Oxus with the extension to Samarcand, and this spring the ancient capital of Tamerlane will be connected by steam with the Western world.

#### OWNERSHIP.

Old Farmer Boggs, of Boggy Brook, Went to the county fair, and with his wife he strolled around To see the wonders there. "That horse," he said, "Gray Eagle Wing, Will take the highest prize; But our old Dobby looks as well And better to my eyes. He is, I know, what folks call slow; It's far the safest way to go; Some men, perhaps, might think it strange, I really should not like to change."

"And those fat oxen, Buck and Bright, Don't have so large a girth, Nor match like them, just to a hair, But I know what they're worth. They're good to plough, and good to draw, You stronger pullers never saw, And always mind my 'gee' and 'haw.' Some folks, perhaps, might think it strange, I really shouldn't want to change."

"That Devon heifer cost, I heard, A thousand dollars." "Now," Said Mrs. Boggs, "my Crumple Horn Is just as good a cow; Her milk I'm sure's the very best, Her butter is the yellowest; Some folks, perhaps, might think it strange, I really shouldn't want a change."

"Those premium hogs," said Mrs. Boggs, "My little Cheshire pig Is better than the best of them, Although he's not so big. And that young Jersey is not half So pretty as old Brindle's calf; Nor is there in the poultry pen As Speckled Wings so good a hen!"

As Farmer Boggs to Boggy Brook Rode homeward from the fair, He said: "I wish my animals Had all of them been there; And if the judges had been wise I might have taken every prize!" —*Marian Douglas*, in *Youth's Companion*.

#### BESIEGED BY SIOUX.

On the morning of August 18, 1862, as I was carrying a pail of milk from the cow yard to the house, on the farm of William Miller, seventeen miles from New Ulm, Minn., I saw a covered wagon coming across the prairie as fast as two horses could pull it. I handed the pail into the house, called to Miller and his wife, and by the time we were out doors the wagon had stopped at the gate. It was a vehicle belonging to a man named Saunders, living about nine miles away, and he and his family were inside. We had not reached the gate when he shouted:

"Fly for your lives, the Indians are on the warpath."

He would have driven off with that, but one of his horses fell down in the harness from exhaustion. There was Saunders, his wife, and four children, and I never saw people so broken up. It was fully ten minutes before we could get their story in a shape to understand it. The Sioux rebellion, which many pioneers had predicted, had broken out at last. For the past three months we had noticed a change in the demeanor of the Indians, some of whom called at the house almost daily. They had become impudent and threatening, and many of the older settlers were becoming alarmed. Some would have given up their farms, but there were a few smart Alecks who rode about the country saying there was no danger, and that there were enough soldiers in the forts to the State to thrash all the Indians in the whole West. These men were, as we afterward found out, interested in the sale of real estate, and of course they did not want any sensational reports sent East. But for the civil war then raging there would have been no uprising of the Indians. Uncle Sam had his hands full in the South, and hundreds of our young men had enlisted to fight the Confederates.

Saunders had received warning at daylight from a settler on horseback, whose whole family had been butchered. He was a teamster, and his wagon then contained a part of a load of stores which he was hauling out to a store-keeper in a new settlement. He had unloaded some of the stuff and flung in household goods and provisions, and had driven at such a pace as to exhaust one of his horses. Miller and his wife were Germans, cool and phlegmatic. Their all was invested right there. While they knew that trouble was at hand, they did not want to abandon everything at a mere alarm. We had three horses in the stable and Saunders begged hard for one to take the place of his exhausted beast. He was bound and determined to get on, even if he had to go on foot, and Miller consented to let the horse go. While he was being harnessed in Saunders asked us to throw out some of the merchandise and lighten the vehicle. We took out four kegs of powder, about one hundred pounds of lead, fifty pounds of shot, three double-barreled shot-guns, and some groceries, and the horse was no sooner off in the traces than Saunders drove on at a gallop.

"Well, what shall we do?" asked Mrs. Miller, as we stood looking after the wagon. "Stay and fight," replied the husband. I was then a boy of 15, and had been with the Millers over a year. There was never a day but that some of the Sioux came along, and in many instances they had eaten of our food. Miller did not think it as serious a matter as it turned out to be, and with true Dutch grit he proposed to stick. We went into breakfast, ate as heartily as usual, and when we were through my employer said:

"Now we will get ready for the Indians."

As we went out doors we saw three columns of smoke in different directions, showing that the murderous redskins were at work. Miller had 180 acres of land, almost every acre as level as a floor. We had just finished building a milk house over a spring, about 300 feet from the house. Around the spring was about two acres of broken ground, underlaid with rock, and we had blasted out sufficient of this to lay up the walls of the milk house. Miller was a stone mason by trade, and his work had been well done. The house was pretty large, being 18x24 inside the walls, and the walls were perhaps a foot thick. The roof had been planed and then sodded, and the door was of heavy plank. The place would make a capital fort, and while I was carrying into it such things as Mrs. Miller directed, the husband used a crowbar to make loopholes in the walls.

In the course of an hour he drove five or six, and then he bored two in the door with a big auger.

We carried in all the provisions in the house followed by the clothing and the bedding. While we worked we kept our eyes open for sight of Indians, but it was 11 o'clock before we saw them coming. They were not more than a mile away when we retired to our fort and barricaded the door. All the live stock had been turned loose and driven away, while the fowls were flying about on the prairie. There was very little left in the house, and the worst they could do was to burn it. When we shut ourselves up I missed two of the kegs of powder, but to my query as to what had become of them Miller made no reply, except by a laugh. He had been working by himself all the forenoon, digging holes and running trenches, but I had been too busy to notice just what he was up to.

There were thirty-two mounted Indians in the band which came up, and among them they had five fresh scalps. Every one had plunder of some sort from the settlers' cabins, and two or three appeared much the worse for liquor. They had probably seen us enter the milk house, for they rode right up to the cabin without fear. We could see them very plainly, and among the gang we picked out several who had often been supplied with food and ammunition. There were yell's of rage from those who dismounted and entered the house to find it stripped, but presently a council was held in the one big room. After a few minutes an Indian appeared around the corner of the house with a white rag tied to a stick, and when he had waved it a few times he called out that he wanted a "talk." Miller shouted to him to come on, and he advanced to within fifty feet of the fort before he stopped and called out:

"All come out. Indians no hurt Dutchman."

"Is there war?" shouted Miller. "No war—no war! Young men get drunk and ride around, but no war. Indians all like Dutchman."

"If you like us, then go away and leave us alone!" shouted Miller. "Will you come out?"

"No."

"Then we burn house and kill all cattle!"

The Indians were too anxious to get at their bloody work to waste much time in parleying. The messenger was no sooner under shelter than the gang began to howl and whoop, and while some opened fire on us from the windows, others made preparations for a bonfire. In about ten minutes the house was on fire, and the Indians crowded together on the far side. It was a log house, and the roof fell before the sides were hardly ablaze. The slight wind blew the smoke and sparks directly over us, so that we could not see five feet. The Indians continued to yell and dance for a time, but suddenly there was a terrific explosion and a dozen screams of terror. I was looking into the smoke cloud, which now and then lifted for an instant, and I saw the burning logs of the house scattered to the four winds by the explosion. Miller knew the reds would set the building on fire, and he had placed one of the kegs of powder where it would do the most good. We counted five warriors killed or disabled by the explosion, and Miller killed two others before the crowd got out of range. The house was the best shelter from which to worry us, and he had lost by destroying it.

The strength of our fort could be seen at a glance. The Indians were wise enough not to attempt a rush, and the whole party were also impatient to push on to other scenes. Six or eight more arrived soon after the explosion, and presently we saw them making ready to move off. A general volley was fired at us, the war whoop was sounded, and the brief siege was raised. It was half an hour before we ventured out, and not an Indian was in sight. We could, however, see tall columns of black smoke whichever way we looked, and it was plain that the whole section was in the hands of the Indians. We could not at first make out why they had left us, but Miller soon concluded that they knew what they were about. We had no means of escape left to us. The savages were on every side, and if we attempted to leave the neighborhood we should fall into the hands of some of them. It was quite safe to leave us there while they pushed on to butcher the defenceless ones.

Then began a siege which lasted nine days, and in which over forty Indians were killed or wounded. They gathered in the quarry, as expected, and Miller exploded the torpedo and killed four and badly wounded a dozen. They tried every possible way to burn us out, and on one of these occasions, while they were congregated together, Miller sprang another of his mines and killed several of them. Five or six different times they displayed a flag of truce and sought to coax or threaten us into surrender, but Miller was wise enough to refuse to trust them. From first to last they fired about 4,000 bullets at our fort over a hundred of which lodged in the door, but none of us was wounded. The besieging force never numbered less than thirty-five, and one day the number was over 100. On the ninth day troops came and drove the Indians off, and it was only then we learned of the widespread devastation. Not a house nor barn had been left standing for miles and miles in any direction. Crops had been destroyed, stock shot down, and settlers butchered or driven off all over a great section of the State. We had been the only one outside of the towns to make a fight, and by our standing a siege we kept a large force of the savages from going against the settlers. —*New York Sun*.

riors, and as soon as they saw our strength they fired a few shots at long range and passed on to the east. At dark we entered the fort, arranged the goods and provisions to give us all the room possible, and by and by turned in to sleep while one man was left on watch. This was Miller. He was to watch until midnight, and then call one of the young men, but at eleven o'clock he quietly aroused the garrison and whispered the news that a large number of Indians had arrived. We were scarcely awake before being made aware that our fort was being closely inspected by spies. When we had carefully pulled the plugs from the loopholes we could see and hear them moving about in large numbers. By and by we heard a number of them on the roof. They were probably investigating to see how to burn us out. At a signal from Miller we took up our guns, carefully poked the muzzles through the loopholes in the planks, and at another signal all fired. We killed or wounded two Indians by the volley, and the others hastily departed. Half an hour later two or three of the reds crept up to the barricade in front of our door with arms full of light wood and started a fire. The posts were only half seasoned, and all that afternoon I had kept them wet with water. They charred a little under the flames, but the fire would not take hold. From the number of Indians we could see, and to judge by the yell's of those out of sight, our enemies numbered at least fifty. After trying us with fire they drew off to wait for daylight, and the most of them probably went to sleep.

When daylight came our enemies were re-enforced by a band of twelve, and these newcomers brought with them two settlers' teams and wagons and three prisoners. Two of the prisoners, a man and a woman, were killed soon after coming up. I knew the man. He lived about eight miles away, and had frequently called at our house. The third prisoner was a settler none of us knew. About an hour after daylight the Indians sent him forward with a white flag to demand our surrender. He came up within thirty feet of our barricade, and then halted and told us what he had been commanded to do. A dozen or more Indians had their rifles on him, ready to shoot in case he attempted to play them false. He was a big powerful fellow, and I never saw such grief and anxiety in a human countenance. In a voice loud enough for the Indians to hear, he demanded our surrender, but in whispers he warned us not to, as every one of us would be butchered. Miller replied to him from a loophole, telling him to go back to the Indians and ask their best terms. When he returned he was to come as close as possible, and at a signal he was to spring forward, and the door would be open for him. He was pretty cool fellow, in spite of all his sufferings. He returned to the Indians, consulted for a few minutes, and when he came back to us he approached within twenty-five feet before they shouted to him to halt. Then he told us that we would be permitted to take one of the teams and leave the country, that the Indians all loved us: that all they wanted was their land. We had our guns ready to cover him, and I saw him draw a long breath just before the signal came. As Miller uttered a whistle one of the men pulled out the door, and at the same instant the stranger made spring for shelter. It was a veritable spring for life. The Indians fired at him, but too late, and he pitched in among us without scratch.

But the occurrence stirred up the authorities and very soon the Harbor Patrol became a recognized and essential portion of the city's police force. It did not suppress river piracy, nor has it suppressed it, but the thieves have been driven from many of their skulking places under the piers and along the docks, and where almost whole cargoes used to be stolen and carried away the robbers must now content themselves with a small boatload and run their chances of escape from the swiftness of police-boats that day and night keep watch and ward over the docks and the stream.

Down under the big iron pier that is the city's great outlet to Coney Island during the summer months, there is a ragged looking stone building, where the Department of Docks has its offices. Close up to this building, in a granite-walled slip, lies, when not on duty, a rakish, black-hulled side-wheeler which carries forty men, and is nothing more nor less than a veritable police station. No one would suppose that in official parlance the good and seafaring craft, which has the single word "Patrol" on her wheel-house, is a numbered precinct station-house, with roundsmen and sergeants and a captain, just like the big buildings in various sections of the town where our ordinary policemen are housed.

But the men who fill the ranks on the Patrol are of far different brawn and muscle from the men who guard our streets. Many of them are young, hearty fellows who have served an apprenticeship on the sea, and all of them can handle an oar or launch a boat with as much promptness and safety as the most experienced sailor. They carry no clubs while on night duty along the river, for the pirates need more forcible arguments than the shaking of a night stick, and those are furnished usually from the quick speaking mouths of the big revolvers which the Harbor Police carry.

The life is not a pleasant one by any means, for the river front is a long one and the wintry nights are the thieves' best time for plundering. Through the darkness, the rain and the sleet, along the choppy water, under big ferry piers and among the harbor shipping, out into the stream and over toward the Jersey shore, around the dirty East River docks, always full of good things and swarming with thieves, the three police boats, with six men each, pull silently and swiftly all through the night. The pirates know that the glare of the police lantern may be thrown upon them out of the darkness at any instant, and that once spotted six pair of brawny arms will send the boat spinning through the water after them in a way that will make escape impossible.

The Harbor Patrol has done and continues to do a great work. It has not, and may never be able to entirely drive out the river thieves, but when one considers the miles of river front that are to be guarded, the hundreds of wharves and docks that are to be watched, the thousands of craft coming and going that are to be looked after, and the untold millions in freight laden and unladen which are to be saved from depredations, it must certainly appear a marvelous thing that forty men with revolvers in their hands and the law at their backs have been able to do so much for the preservation of life and property along our piers and among our hitherto unguarded shipping. —*N. Y. Graphic*.

A Rival for Terrapin.

A new industry at Auburndale, Fla., is gopher farming. Judge Tilson and John Mullen are equal partners in a large farm, embracing over 1,000 acres. They will go into the raising of gophers on a large scale at once, having ordered a number of coops to feed the young ones. They will try the market with a carload shipment to Washington. It is said the most fastidious epicure cannot tell the flesh of the Florida gopher from the famous Maryland terrapin. The Florida gopher is a species of turtle. —*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A Rival for Terrapin.

#### GOTHAM'S RIVER PIRATES

##### HUMAN WHARF RATS WHO LIVE BY STEALING FROM VESSELS.

##### Carrying Off an Entire Ship—The Floating Police Station Which Watches the Plunderers.

It may seem strange that there are gangs of human beings who live on the river and are housed like water rats under the docks and piers of this great town. Not even London with its hosts of Thames pirates and its skulking boat robbers ever had a more lawless multitude than the thieves that for many years made the harbor of New York a terror to honest mariners and a danger to commerce.

Most of the old gang who swept the rivers and piers in their snaky black boats ten to twenty years ago have been shot to death, drowned, or have died in prison, and although the waterside of the city is much safer than it was in those days, there are still many predatory rascals that keep the watchmen wakeful along the piers where goods are temporarily stored.

The working ground of the river thieves is wherever booty is to be found and carried away with the smallest risk. At the East River docks fronting the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where the river sweeps around a ragged jutting turn and the tide dashes about uncomfortably, the pirates occasionally hold high carnival. The big south side tenements running down nearly to the water's edge are hiding places for the criminals and storage ground for their plunder.

So too on the West Side down in the neighborhood of Charlton and the adjoining streets abutting the docks of the North River, where the vicious elements live and thrive, the water thieves find chances for robbery and odd corners in which to hide what they have stolen.

Before the present system of police surveillance and repression was adopted no man's life was thoroughly secure on any of the richly-laden vessels that lay within easy reach of the docks when the darkness of night covered them, and many a tale of piracy is yet told among the grizzly-headed longshoremen that crowd the drinking-places along the West street piers.

The scandal of the lawlessness, the robberies and occasional murders that occurred on the water front culminated one night when a richly freighted sloop, captain, crew and vessel, were taken bodily from an East River pier, towed out safely far into the bay and stripped of everything of value that the sloop and its crew possessed. The hull of the boat was left, but that was about all, and the crew were landed and warned to get away from New York as fast as they could ship again. And they did, for when after long investigation two of the thief pirates were captured, not a man of the sloop's party could be found to testify against them.

But the occurrence stirred up the authorities and very soon the Harbor Patrol became a recognized and essential portion of the city's police force. It did not suppress river piracy, nor has it suppressed it, but the thieves have been driven from many of their skulking places under the piers and along the docks, and where almost whole cargoes used to be stolen and carried away the robbers must now content themselves with a small boatload and run their chances of escape from the swiftness of police-boats that day and night keep watch and ward over the docks and the stream.

One of the newest long cloaks, which is particularly becoming to tall, slender figures, is close fitting at the back, the skirt folds being gracefully caught up just below the waist, the long, plain fronts falling loosely from the throat.

## LUXURIES OF THE RICH.

LAVISH MANNER IN WHICH SOME INCOMES ARE SPENT.

A Yacht Whose Yearly Expense is a Fortune—Luxurious Bathing Pools—Roses that Cost \$200.

Since the time when Caligula shod his horses with gold and fed them in marble troughs, the world's rich men have not spent money more lavishly than they do to-day. The Vanderbilt galleries of paintings were estimated to be worth more than \$1,000,000, and there are eighty rich families in New York who boast private collections of paintings each of which will average more than \$100,000 in value. Alexander T. Mitchell married off a niece shortly before he died, and the wedding cost him \$50,000. His son paid, not long ago, \$1,000 for a single picture, and his wife, having once sent him some fruit from the family orange grove in Florida, he remarked, as he looked upon the oranges, that they ought to be good, for they cost him \$200 apiece. Mitchell believed in getting the good of his millions, and he had before he died one of the most comfortable homes of the country. His table was laden during the winter with pineapples, strawberries and grapes, and his house was decorated with the rarest of flowers from its large conservatories. Mitchell had his special car, and this is a form of luxury which is very common among the millionaires of to-day. These cars cost all the way from \$15,000 to \$60,000 apiece, and there are about 200 of them now in the United States, representing a value of nearly \$1,000,000. The president of every railroad has his private car. President Cleveland took his wedding journey to Deer Park in the car of Robert Garrett. His Western trip was taken in Pullman's private coach, and he lived more comfortably on the road than in the hotels. Senator Stanford goes across the continent in his own conveyance, and Jay Gould travels in the same way.

The modern yacht is still more costly than the private car, and much more fashionable. The millionaire's yacht costs all the way from \$50,000 upwards, and yachts which cost over a hundred thousand dollars are not uncommon. Gould paid more than this for his yacht, the *Atalanta*, and the wages of the men employed upon her cost \$750 a month. In addition to this the running expenses of the yacht are, when Gould is upon her, from \$30 to \$40 a day, and among the employees are two waiters, two maids, a baker and four cooks. It requires fifty-two men to run the yacht, and its interior is elegantly furnished, the finishing being made of inland maple, butter nut, cedar, and native hardwoods. Some of the rooms are finished in mahogany, and an estimate of the total cost of running the vessel is \$400 a day.

The music of some millionaires is very costly. Henry Marquand is reported as having recently bought a piano which cost \$5,000, and Jay Gould lately bought one which cost \$2,000. Judge Hilton, A. T. Stewart's executor, owns a \$2,500 piano, and C. P. Huntington owns one of the same value as that of Gould.

Among the millionaires who spend a part of their surplus income in flowers is Erastus Corning, of New York. He has thousands of these choice plants, and some of them cost several hundred dollars apiece. His gardener offered \$500 for an orchid at Mrs. Morgan's auction, but a flower fancier from New Jersey overbid him \$400 and got the orchid for \$900. Erastus Corning's green-houses cover about two acres, and his gardener has been in his employ for thirty years. He knows all about flowers, and it costs Corning a good salary to keep him. His flowers are of all kinds, and he raises oranges, lemons, and bananas in these green-houses. He has all kinds of tropical plants, and he welcomes visitors to his establishment. Jay Gould has seventeen green-houses, and beds of flowers of all kinds are scattered about the conservatory. His fern collection is especially fine, and he has orchids of many varieties. Alexander Mitchell's conservatory was 100 feet long by twenty-seven feet wide, and in it he had some plants which had cost as high as a thousand dollars. He had sixty-five varieties of palms, and the largest India-rubber tree in America. In the center of it spouted a fountain, and its walls were curiously decorated. Attached to the conservatory there was a green-house 500 feet long, and the plants of this were carefully classified. One hundred and fifty varieties of azaleas were kept there, and there were roses of nearly every known species.

Robert Garrett affects a gorgeous bathing-pool in his new million dollar house at Baltimore. The bath-room here is after the famous bath of one of the old French Kings. The ceiling represents a lattice, over which morning glories climb, and the bath-tub, or pool, is of silver and Tennessee marble. Its waters come through brass pipes and gold-plated fixtures, and its walls are richly decorated. Senator Palmer, the millionaire statesman from Michigan, has nine bath-rooms in his Washington home, and Henry Marquand has a bath-room which cost \$4,000. Its walls are wainscoted with cream-colored tiles. The ceiling is frescoed as a summer sky, and the marble bath is sunk down deep into the floor and reached by several steps. William H. Vanderbilt had a bath-room paneled in mirrors, so that when he bared his skin he seemed to be ten millionaires, and might hope to spend a part of his immense income. His son, William K. Vanderbilt, had also a bath-room walled with looking-glasses, and upon these were painted apple blossoms. The bath was a solid block of marble, and above it was a niche filled with a marble Venus apparently preparing to jump in. Another fine bath-room was that of the late millionaire Osborne, richly finished in Limoges tiles and elegantly decorated. Its bath was porcelain lined, and the pictures on the wall were Venus with Love at a fountain. Nearly all of these noted bath-rooms are lined with mirrors, and there is a bath-room in New York which looks like a cave of white marble. Its walls, ceiling, and bath are all of marble, and the only variations of tint are the silver fixtures.

One of the most extraordinary collections of paintings in the United States is that of the millionaire Walters, of Baltimore. Its value is at least \$1,000,000, and the collection of Japanese, China and other porcelain is more than \$500,000. The Peachblow vase and some of the pictures are worth several times a Congressman's salary. The collection is a museum, and it contains more than 4,000 objects. The first \$5 Walters ever made he spent for a picture. He has been adding to the collection ever since. —*Chicago Herald*.

### WISE WORDS.

We are masters to our own faults. You can hardly separate energy from business success.

Nearly all great men have had remarkable memories.

Speaking without thinking is like shooting without taking aim.

Feebleness of means is, in fact, the feebleness of him that employs them.

There is more danger in a reserved and silent friend than in a noisy, babbling enemy.

He who carries his bricks to the building of every one's house will never build one for himself.

Great souls are always loyal submissives, reverent to what is over them; only small men souls are otherwise.

The resolute alone can be truly good natured; those who commonly seem to be so are weak, and easily soured.

The destiny that shapes a man's end does not make a good shape without some little assistance on the part of man.

How cunning nature hides every wrinkle of her inconceivable antiquity under roses and violets and morning dew.

Strive for that serenity of spirit that will enable you to make the best of things. That means contentment in its best sense.

It is with narrow-souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottle—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring out.

More is felt than is perceived, and more is perceived than can be interpreted, and love climbs higher with its lambent flame than art can pile the fag-o's.

As the ivy twines around the oak, so do misery and misfortune encompass the happiness of man. Felicity, pure and unalloyed, is not a plant of earthly growth. Her gardens are the skies.

Great merit or great failings will make you respected or despised, but trifles, little attentions, mere nothings, either done or neglected, will make you either liked or disliked in the general run of the world.

### Grand Mount Shasta.

Between the great pines going up you see the religious dome of Mount Shasta, its snows and frowns so mixed that one views it with superstition.

Shasta is one of the finest mountains in America, a naked dome of rock, gravel and perpetual snow, made by a volcano and having two side-pieces or transcepts, the whole mass standing up in white and dun in crazy-quilt patches of triangles of snow and ovals of rocks and slides of loam and gravel above a skirt of Oregon pines, which are of sombre green, and seem the kirtle of a huge, muscular, naked man, wearing a clout of green, as he kneels upon the plateau and surveys his broad of mounty peaks extending around him in an amphitheatre of 100 miles.

There is but one Shasta, and he is a Shasta—one of the bold range beyond the Rockies, overlooking the Orient West. "There is the West; there is Europe," says the statue of Thomas Benton at St. Louis, pointing at the same time west.

There is a county of California called Shasta, and a range of mountains between the Sacramento River and the sea is called the Shasta Range. It is only a night's ride or a sleep of 340 miles between San Francisco and Mount Shasta, and in this ride you rise nearly 3,600 feet to Sisson, in strawberry Valley, from which Mount Shasta's peak is still 10,865 feet higher, or above the sea 14,440 feet.

It is 10,000 feet higher than the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton.

This is the power of Mount Shasta—that it rises so grandly above everything else—not like Pike's or Gray's, one of a large family of mountains sitting around the base of a cathedral. It is more than twice the height of Mount Washington, and is seven-eighths of the height of Mount Blanc.—*Anderson (Cal.) Enterprise*.

### A Superstitious Waiter.

A traveler obtained a satisfactory breakfast at a Southern hotel in an ingenious manner. Having called for different items on the bill of fare with the unfailing result of hearing "all gone, sah," he fixed a stern look upon the colored waiter and exclaimed in deep tones: "Do you know where you will go to when you die?" The waiter trembled and did not reply, but he turned away, and with dispatch brought out a smoking breakfast of chicken and other features of a good meal. It seems that he had reserved these delicacies for himself, but had been touched by superstition to provide them for the traveler.—*Chicago Times*.

### Story of the Dahlia.

No flower of the garden blooms more profusely and beautifully this fall than the dahlia. The plant was found originally in Mexico, and was similar to the single-petaled specimens now popular. A plant was sent to Madrid in 1783, where it was seen in blossom by the Abbe Cavanilles, who named it after his friend Professor Dahl, of Stockholm. In 1804 Humboldt went to Mexico and sent to Europe seeds of the wild dahlia, and from these seeds the plants now grown in Limoges tiles and elegantly decorated. Its bath was porcelain lined, and the pictures on the wall were Venus with Love at a fountain. Nearly all of these noted bath-rooms are lined with mirrors, and there is a bath-room in New York which looks like a cave of white marble. Its walls, ceiling, and bath are all of marble, and the only variations of tint are the silver fixtures.

It is not generally known that Washington is the most southern of the capitals of the great nations of the Northern Hemisphere. Madrid, Constantinople and Rome are even further north, while Paris is up in the latitude of Newfoundland, and London and Berlin are on the line of Labrador. St. Petersburg is on the same parallel as Greenland, and is 1,400 miles due north of Washington.

### HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

#### Meats and their Accompaniments.

With roast beef, grated horseradish; roast pork, apple sauce; roast veal, tomato or mushroom sauce; roast mutton, currant jelly; boiled mutton, caper sauce; boiled chicken, bread sauce; roast lamb, mint sauce; roast turkey, cranberry sauce; boiled bluefish, white or cream sauce; broiled shad, boiled rice and salad; compote of pigeons, mushroom sauce; fresh salmon, green peas and cream sauce; roast goose, apple sauce.

#### Staple Supplies.

A store-room should be well ventilated and so arranged that it will not freeze in winter. Flour should be bought by the barrel, but Indian meal is so apt to become infested with weevils that it should not remain much over a week on hand. Twenty-five pounds of granulated sugar is enough to keep in store, with ten pounds of the loaf and powdered. Coffee is improved by keeping in a cool, dry place, but loses in flavor if kept too long after browning. Vinegar improves with keeping, therefore it is best to lay in a large supply. Butter, lard and drippings should be stored in jars and kept in the coldest and driest place. Soap should be purchased by the box, taken out of the wrappers and stored in a dry place, as it improves by keeping. Starch is much cheaper by the box. Vegetables are best stored in a room by themselves.—*Detroit Tribune*.

#### Making Soap.

By and by the farm wife will be busy about the soap making, and many inquiries will be made as to how it should be done. An experienced soap maker describes the usual method of making soap for scouring wool in wool factories. He writes: "The manner of making the different grades of commercial soap is essentially the same, though different kinds of fat may be used. It is always made on a large scale, in enormous vats or boilers. Several hundred-weight of crude soda ash is first dissolved in boiling water in the soap boiler, which is a huge circular iron vessel holding from 500 to 1,000 gallons, with a steam pipe in the centre. Half the weight of the soap in pure caustic lime is then added, and the mixture boiled. When the lime has rendered the soda caustic, the boiling is discontinued. Several hundred-weight of tallow are now put into the soap pan, which is a different vessel made of cast iron, to which heat is applied, either by means of furnace beneath it, or by steam carried by pipes around the bottom of the pan. The latter is the usual method. The pan usually holds several tons. After the tallow, cut up into pieces, is put into the pan, a quantity of the lye is added, the steam is turned on and the boiling continued until the lye is thoroughly incorporated with the tallow, and the whole becomes a pasty mass. Several shovelfuls of common salt are thrown in. This causes the lye to separate, and as the mass cools, the lye, deprived of its soda, is drawn off. Fresh lye is then added and boiled, and this is repeated until the tallow is saturated with the soda; that is, it will not take up any more. Water is now added until the proper consistency is reached. If resin is to be used, it is now added, and the mass again boiled. It is then run off into frames and molds, where it is allowed to solidify, and then is cut by wires into bars, dried, and packed in boxes. Two thousand pounds of yellow soap will require 1,000 pounds of tallow, 350 pounds of resin, with lime sufficient to make the whole a smooth, perfectly homogeneous and saponaceous mass." The figures given sufficiently describe the proportions of the materials, viz.: ten pounds of tallow and 350 pounds of resin make twenty pounds of hard soap.—*New York Tribune*.

#### Useful Hints.

Cold black tea is said to be good for keeping the hair in curl.

If camphor is applied to a burn it will take out the fire almost immediately.

For frosting, whites of eggs beat up stiff in half the time if first cooled in the refrigerator.

Put a pail of water into the tubs directly after using, and they will not leak when wanted for use.

Let dishes be neatly washed, rinsed in hot water and drained, and then rub them until they shine.

Wetting the hair thoroughly once or twice a day with a solution of salt and water will keep it from falling out.

Do not put irons on the stove to heat long before they are wanted, as an exposure to high heat will roughen and injure them.

Children's feet should be bathed in warm water every night in the year, rubbed dry and the stockings hung up so they will be well aired.

A teaspoonful of borax put in the last water in which clothes are rinsed will whiten them surprisingly. Pound the borax so it will dissolve easily.

Be very particular about disinfecting the kitchen sink. Washing soda, two table-spoonfuls to a gallon of boiling water, makes an excellent wash to pour hot into the sink at night after you have finished eating.

When you boil a cabbage, tie a bit of dry bread in a bag and put it in the kettle. French cooks say that all the unpleasant odor which makes the house smell like an old drain will be absorbed by the bread.

Moths are very destructive to the cloth and felt used in a piano, and may be kept out of it by placing a lump of camphor wrapped in soft paper, in the inside corner, care being taken to renew it from time to time.

Pattern table cloths for very wide tables can be obtained at but little more expense than that by the yard, and with the manifest advantage of having the border across the ends as well as along the sides. The patterns, too, are usually far prettier than those of the linen by the yard.

Mr. Joseph Doucet, who died at St. Augustin, Canada, recently, at the age of eighty-two years, left a widow aged eighty-one and sixteen children, 101 grandchildren and eighty-three great grandchildren, making in all a family of 200 persons. He had been married sixty-four years.

### The Southermost Capital.

It is not generally known that Washington is the most southern of the capitals of the great nations of the Northern Hemisphere. Madrid, Constantinople and Rome are even further north, while Paris is up in the latitude of Newfoundland, and London and Berlin are on the line of Labrador. St. Petersburg is on the same parallel as Greenland, and is 1,400 miles due north of Washington.

### MAMMOTH SILVER VAULTS.

#### THE NEW RECEPTACLES FOR BULLION AT THE TREASURY.

Burglar Proof Doors—How the Silver Will Be Stored—What a Burglar Might Expect.

A Washington *Star* reporter, after visiting the new Treasury vaults for silver, accompanied by Civil Engineer Edwin C. Miller, says: A short flight of winding steps led down into the sub-basement, where the chill of the outside blizzard was intensified by a dampness that soon made the two visitors turn up their collars and shiver. A couple more turns brought them to a very ordinary wooden door, near which a number of men were sitting in front of a great safe. This is one of the "smaller depositories and contains only a few millions," the reporter was told. One of these men brought the only candle the place afforded, a bit of tallow an inch long, and the three went through the door, which was then carefully closed, into a perfectly dark apartment, where the air, though very cold, was in contrast to that outside, being perfectly dry. On the right rose the foundation wall of the building, gray granite, and on the other was the new brick wall of the vault. The man with the bit of light went ahead and disclosed the door which is to guard the millions.

It is of iron, six inches in thickness, and weighs 5,000 pounds. It slides into the wall on the right, clearing half of the passageway, and requires the strength of five men to move it, without the aid of the mechanical device which it is proposed to put in place. The lock is a circular brass plate, about a foot in diameter, set an inch or so into the face of the door. The bolts are on the left hand, or east end of the door, and fit into slots in a massive iron let into the wall on that side, the door going nearly a foot into the face of the wall. They are moved into place by a turn of a large handle in the center of the brass plate, and when once shot cannot be turned back without the use of a small key that fits into a very ordinary looking key-hole on the upper rim of the plate. This lock is said to be one of the best in use for strength and reliability.

Once inside the door the vaults look very much like a jail room, except that on this occasion it was impossible to see half dozen feet away, owing to the feeble light of the candle. The walls are hollow, and are now entirely dry. It is intended to run steam pipes through from the main building, and to place incandescent lamps around the room so that it will be perfectly comfortable. The money is to be stored in sixteen cells, or rooms, arranged in two rows of eight each, separated by a passage way about four feet wide, with a door from each room opening into it. The partitions are made of iron lattice work, of strips about a quarter of an inch thick. At the corners of each room is an iron column formed by riveting together four pieces of iron shaped like a letter L and about fifteen feet long. These bear the entire weight of the arches and directly support a series of iron cross-beams or girders fifteen inches thick. Not long ago a rumor found its way into circulation that the weight of the roof had bulged the lattice work, thus indicating an early collapse of this storehouse for the Government's treasure; but as a matter of fact the lattice does not quite reach the roof, and the "bulging" was the result of the work of riveting, which took place after the strips were in position.

Mr. Miller thinks that the columns are capable of bearing a weight eight times heavier than that which now exists. The dimensions of the vault, outside measurement, are 60.10 feet by 97.8. This gives a surface area of 5,877.78 square feet. According to the nearest calculations the weight now to be supported is about 150 pounds to the square foot, and thus there is a total weight of 881,667 pounds.

Each room is twenty feet by ten, and about fifteen feet high. The silver dollars will be stored in boxes and in such a way that in the end of the room farthest from the door they will be piled high, and graded down to the entrance. It is expected that each room will contain eight millions if piled close to the top of the arches. This will make the total accommodations of the vaults equal to \$128,000,000. The doors of these rooms are fitted with locks so contrived that the watchmen cannot take the key out until the door has been securely locked, in this way preventing the door being left ajar. A three-foot passage runs around the vault, outside the rooms, with no connection with them except in the front, through a heavy pair of double doors.

The *Star* reporter tried to learn the thickness of the walls and layers of asphalt, but Mr. Miller was cautious, and said:

"They're thick enough!"

"Yes, but how thick?" persisted the reporter.

"Well, about so thick—the walls!" with a wave of the hands that included anything from a six-inch stub to a five-foot wall.

At this the scribe withdrew from his secret to penetrate the burglar proof vault that seems to surround the vault.

"If a man should get in here," remarked Mr. Miller, edging away from a small party that had entered while the first three were going through the rooms, "I say if a man got in here, which ain't very likely to happen, with these walls and

# Arlington Advocate

OFFICE:

Swan's Block, Arlington Ave.

Published every Friday afternoon, by

CHARLES S. PARKER,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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## ADVERTISING RATES.

Reading Notices, per line, . . . . . 15 cents  
Special Notices, " . . . . . 15 "  
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line, . . . . . 8 "  
Ordinary Advertisements, per line, . . . . . 8 "  
Marriages and Deaths—free.

## The Annual Contest.

All along the line the contending forces are mustering for the coming contest between the home and the saloon, made necessary by the law of the state which permits communities so disposed to issue licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors. With those who have self interest, desire for unusual profits, and the gratification of a vitiated appetite to unite them under a common banner, a word is only needed to muster every license man to vote that the saloon and bar-room shall have the protection of law. With the other party it is entirely different. Absorption in private business, fear of giving offense to a power known to be unscrupulous, together with ignorance as to the real merits of the case, are factors that make the rallying of those who would vote right if they voted at all a task of no small magnitude. It is therefore with especial pleasure that we commend to the careful attention of our readers the following address from the Mass. Total Abstinence Society,—an organization wholly unpartisan and unsectarian, banded together entirely in the interests of good order and temperance:—

"The annual recurring vote upon the question of whether or not licenses to sell intoxicating liquor shall be granted in the towns of the Commonwealth is soon to be taken. The large increase in the no-license vote of 1887 has exasperated the liquor traffic, and their determination to reverse the policy of the State in reference to the license system is assured by their increased vote in the late city elections. We are to meet an alarmed and aggressive foe, and an early and thorough organization of the no-license voters is imperative. There must be complete harmony and co-operation among all classes of temperance workers without regard to organization, creed or political affinity. Every no-license voter, without reference to opinions upon other phases of the reform, should stand shoulder to shoulder with every other opponent of the liquor traffic, subordinating minor differences in the interests of good order and temperance:—

"Resolved: That we recommend to all the churches of this conference to circulate in their respective parishes, the following pledge—'We, legal voters of —, hereby pledge ourselves, that we will not, knowingly, vote for any candidate for any office, legislative, executive or judicial, who will not endeavor, both by vote and influence, to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage.'

"Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to all the conferences of our order, and as far as practicable, to all the religious bodies within the limits of this Commonwealth, and to all temperance organizations, inviting them to co-operate with us in this movement.

"Resolved: That a committee of three be appointed by this Conference to further the objects of these resolutions; to secure united action thereon, by whatever methods may be, deemed expedient, and take all necessary steps to secure the presentation of the signatures of the aforesaid pledge before the State and National Conventions of the political parties."

"At a meeting of the Middlesex Agricultural Society, held on Saturday, Jan. 28th, the following officers were elected: president, John Cummings, of Woburn, vice-presidents, Lyman Dyke, Stoneham, W. W. Rawson, Arlington, Samuel Hartwell, Lincoln, J. A. Harwood, Littleton, J. R. Farmer, Waltham; secretary, W. W. Hunt, Concord; treasurer, D. G. Lang, Concord; delegate to State Board of Agriculture, W. W. Rawson, Arlington. An executive committee of seven gentlemen and three ladies were appointed to make arrangements for the coming fair in September, 1888.

**Death of Albert Winn.**

The winter of 1887-8 is likely to be remembered by Arlington people because of the large number of deaths among the elderly citizens if for no other reason. The most prominent victim so far is Mr. Albert Winn ex-president of Arlington Savings Bank, whose death occurred last Monday night. For more than a year he has been in feeble health, but until a few months ago he was a frequent visitor at our office and other business places along the street where he was wont to tarry for a few minutes of pleasant chat about old times. At that time he was prostrated with partial paralysis, from the effects of which his energies have slowly waisted away until death came to him like a painless sleep.

We appeal for a strong no-license vote for the honor and glory of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Let every good citizen do all that is possible to organize and bring out a full vote at the town elections soon to be held, and we shall insure the prosperity and happiness of thousands of families in which misery and degradation will prevail if the saloons are legalized in the towns of the Commonwealth."

We submit the following utterances of the late Judge David Davis to the careful consideration of our own readers:—

"Each year every local paper gives from \$500 to \$5000 in free lines for the benefit of the community in which it is located. No other agency can or will do this. The editor, in proportion to his means, does more for his own town than any other ten men, and in all fairness, man to man, he ought to be supported, not because you may happen to like him or admire his writing, but because a local paper is the best investment a community can make. It may not be brilliant or crowded with more thoughts, but financially it is more of a benefit to a community than a preacher or a teacher. Understand us now, we do not mean morally or intellectually, but financially; and yet on the moral question you will find the majority of the local papers are on the right side of the question. To-day the editors of local papers do the most work for the least money of any man on earth. Subscribe for your local paper, not as a charity, but as an investment."

The annual winter reunion of the Mass. Press Association will be held in Boston, next Tuesday, at U. S. Hotel.

Gen. Sheridan in Boston.

The meeting of the Loyal Legion at the Hotel Vendome on Wednesday, with the General of the Army as the especial guest, may deservedly be classed in the first rank of notable reunions of men who were conspicuous by their loyalty to the Government a quarter of a century ago, when to be a loyal soldier or civilian meant a great deal more than it ever had before. No State in the entire nation can boast of a larger number of distinguished men who first acquired fame in the Rebellion, either in the field or the home duties, which were frequently no less important, than Massachusetts. The list of the most devoted soldiers and civilians of the old Bay State in the years from '61 to '65 reads remarkably like the list of her most honored citizens of 1888, save that death has made some gaps which a younger generation is beginning to supply. Massachusetts members of the Loyal Legion are themselves a remarkable circle of men, but the presence of the greatest soldier of the Union who still remains in the active service of the Government made the evening's gathering one amply worthy of remembrance. Though civilians figured largely, it was still in character chiefly a soldiers' reunion, resembling, perhaps, in the after-dinner hour, a camp fire more than anything else. General Sheridan received a soldier's welcome, which is doubtless the kind he finds most natural and congenial. He was greeted in effect by the entire Commonwealth, and not alone by the members of the Legion.—*Boston Journal*.

Fighting the Saloon.

At the request of the committee chosen to carry out the following resolutions, we publish the same, and suggest that the Conference of this section take action along the same line. When the church is all right on this subject the contest between the home and saloon will be ended by the annihilation of the latter. We commend the resolutions to the careful consideration of all our readers:—

"WHEREAS, we believe that the Christian church should be an aggressive force in the moral regeneration of society, and that a true Christian citizenship involves the guardianship of the purity of the State and the sanctity and safety of the home, and

"WHEREAS, we believe that in the great national struggle between the home and the saloon, the Christian voters of the country ought to unite in taking an immediate and decided stand for the home, therefore,

"Resolved: That we recommend to all the churches of this conference to circulate in their respective parishes, the following pledge—'We, legal voters of —, hereby pledge ourselves, that we will not, knowingly, vote for any candidate for any office, legislative, executive or judicial, who will not endeavor, both by vote and influence, to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage.'

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Mr. Winn was born in Burlington, Mass., June 14, 1810, and belonged to the family of that name for so many generations having an influential place in the affairs of this section. The donor of the magnificent Woburn Library building and furnishings was a cousin entitled to the prefix of Hon., and another cousin, William, of Woburn, has served in public stations for more than fifty years. Mr. Albert Winn came to Arlington (West Cambridge) in 1830, finding employment among the farmers in the southerly part of the town, then beginning the business of garden farming which has since grown to the leading industry of this section, spending the larger portion of his time with his uncle Seth Frost and James Hill. Five years later Mr. Winn bought the larger part of

what is now known as the Winn estate, on Summer street, and there engaged in farming on his own account, very soon taking a place in the front rank of the successful farmers. Two years afterwards he was married to Miss Sarah Prentiss and together they were permitted to spend more than fifty years of wedded life and see grow up around them family whose business success and standing in the community might well be their chief occasion for satisfaction and pride, although unusually successful in business and other directions.

The older people will not need a reminder of the fact that Mr. Winn was frequently called to serve his fellow citizens in public capacities during the more active period of his life, but any record of his life would be incomplete without the same. Chosen a member of the Board of Selectmen in 1847 he served continuously until 1853, and again in 1856; also as assessor in 1849, 1866, '67, '68. Then again, in the higher place of representative to the Legislature, he was called to serve in 1854 and in 1862.

Even our young readers will remember Mr. Winn as president of the Savings Bank. He was deeply interested in the establishment of this most excellent institution, and on the formation of the corporation was chosen one of the directors (a position he held until death) and at the organization of the board he was chosen first vice-president.

On the death of Mr. Butterfield (the first president) Mr. Winn was advanced to the head of the corporation and served in that capacity eleven years, when failing health required his withdrawal; but he continued in the directory as first vice-president.

Several years ago Mr. Winn was also active in church matters, serving the old First Parish on principal committees for several years, and never losing his interest in the old church.

Mrs. Winn survives her husband and there are two sons (Dr. Wm. A. and George P.) and one daughter to share with her the large property accumulated during the years of Mr. Winn's active life, and the sympathy and confidence of a wide circle of relatives and friends.

The funeral services were held in the First Parish church, yesterday afternoon, and nothing could better testify to the universal respect to his memory than the number and character of those who attended the ceremony.

## Legislative Notes.

Wednesday was the last date for the introduction of new business and a perfect avalanche of new and old business was dumped on the table of both branches, sufficient to keep the members together until next summer, if all is to be considered. We are more and more convinced each year that the people, and not the representatives, are responsible for the long sessions.

During the week the Beverly divisionists have been having an inning before the committee on towns, and their case being ended the remonstrants followed with what they could, offer in rebuttal. The divisionists have made a strong and clear case, as we view the matter, and are fully entitled to be made into a separate township.

On the question of accepting the report of the Committee on the Liquor Law, inexpedient to legislate, an order relative to legislation providing that no licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors shall be issued, or shall have force or validity, after the thirtieth day of April next, Mr. Manning, of Worcester, said that he wished to explain the attitude of the committee. It was not to be understood, from this report and others like it, that the committee is opposed to prohibition. On the contrary, its members are strongly in favor of it. But it was believed that the pressing of the issue of statutory prohibition might jeopardize that of constitutional prohibition, and it was deemed best to subordinate all considerations of minor importance until the fate of that question is decided. So far as the petitioners for a prohibitory statute was concerned, they were acting honestly and in good faith. He could not, however, say as much for the order on which the report was based, that of Mr. Quincy, of Quincy, which order, he believed, contained more policies than prohibition. The matter was discussed somewhat at length by Mr. Quincy and others, and was finally disposed of a year and may vote accepting the report of the committee.

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## EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

The election of officers will soon disturb the quiet waters of our town.

Mr. Arthur Bryant, of Chicago, made a short visit to his old home this week.

Sleigh riders are still jolly, and our streets are filled day and night with their merriment.

January took its exit without a thaw. What a wonder; but it probably took a "leap into February."

Have you hired a box in the post-office, or are you still a sharer with some one else? A word to the wise is sufficient.

Mrs. Everett Cutler and family entertained a sleighing party from Arlington at their home in the south part of the town, Monday evening.

Mr. Abbott Mitchell has many calls in the auctioneer business, and to-day he sells at auction the wood on land formerly owned by Mrs. Elizabeth Gerry.

The intense cold Saturday night did not prevent numberless people from witnessing the lunar eclipse. The dull coppery hue which the moon presented gave a strange coloring to the atmosphere. Much of value has been added to science by the observations which were taken.

"Cold, colder, coldest," was the exclamation of every one Sunday morning, but when the sun shines, even if the mercury is frozen, our churches are better filled than on a stormy Sabbath. Rev. Mr. Thompson preached a good sermon from these words: "Ye are the salt of the earth. Ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid." Mathew v. 13 and 14.

A "coal wedding" was recently celebrated, the happy couple having been married two years. With the advance in the price of coal, this novelty in wedding anniversaries is certainly very opportune. Though rather a cumbersome present for the givers to bring, the receivers would not fail to find a receptacle and could easily imagine it a diamond wedding.

Our young people have enjoyed many sleigh rides but it was a little difficult last week to decide whether there was sufficient pleasure to compensate for the intense cold which even the youngest could hardly resist.

Mr. Lowe evidently feels that the more competition there is in trade the better it is, so he is going to cast his lot in the provision business with others at the Centre, and let East Lexington stay out in the cold.

A recent resident in our village expressed great surprise that we have no local physician here. This speaks well for the healthfulness of the place, and we have good neighbors who are always willing to lend us either allopathic or homoeopathic.

The Roundabout Club having been the rounds, have derived so much pleasure from the gatherings that they decided to have another series and met last week at Mr. Edwin Spaulding's, and last evening held their meeting at Mr. Franklin Alderman's.

Dr. Alderman has an extensive practice and we understand is quite successful as a veterinary surgeon. A tender watchful care over the brute creation, which cannot speak for themselves, is one of the benevolent institutions of the present day.

The dramatic entertainment comes off this evening. Be sure and go and invite all your friends. The play, "Naval Engagements", is first-class, the actors better than imported talent, the object a noble one—to lend a helping hand to our soldiers who fought so bravely in our late war. Come one, come all.

The Selectmen are taking account of stock, this being the close of the financial year. With the growth of our town the duties of our town officers increase, and with an effort to keep pace with the times in improvements they have striven to keep a comparative low rate of taxation.

Even at the eleventh hour we extend our heartiest congratulations to our editor and wife on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedded life, with the earnest hope that their lives may be spared until they shall celebrate their golden wedding.

A WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.  
BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 1, '88.

As February is the "pneumonia month," on account of its high, swift winds, and unusually humid atmosphere, it occurred to me that it would not be amiss to give my readers a few facts that I have gleaned from interviews with popular physicians, and personal observation. The best authorities pronounce pneumonia "a house disease." This means simply that the membranous linings of our throats and lungs are apt to become weak and irritated from the constant inhalation of over-heated, vitiated air.

Then, as pneumonia is a germ disease, it follows that if cellars are dirty, or there are pest places in other parts of the house that the result is generally disastrous. The well known Dr. Seibert cites a case where in examination of the lungs of a man who had died from pneumonia, the very same germ poison was found as had been previously discovered in the cellar. "There is no surer way for a woman to get pneumonia than to bundle herself up, and sit by the register day in and day out," another physician told me. "When at last necessity drives her out of doors, the cold air strikes a coddled, flaccid surface, all unprepared for such a change, and the result is congestion."

"What is the remedy?" I asked.

"First and foremost," he replied, "daily exercise in the open air, cold or warm, rain or shine. By this I do not mean the exercise that comes from shopping. A walk from two to five miles a day, will keep most any woman in good health. Then if furnaces and basement heaters must be used, there should always be large vessels of water upon them, and they should be kept filled. Then the windows should be opened several times a day and the air changed in all the sitting rooms. I go to my patients," he continues, "from the pure, life-giving air outside, and it is often as much as I can do to keep my patient in the stifling, mal-odorous rooms. My most remunerative patient is a lady who cannot breath without a chill, or step into a room the temperature of which is less than 76 degrees without an attack of something or other. She will be a fool, and I make her pay for the privilege. If you have any influence, use it with your own sex in these matters of health. Drive them out of doors, and don't forget about the water on the furnaces and heaters, for this is of vital importance."

I wish I could so present these facts that they would strike home, but I fear that women who think they cannot leave their own firesides in cold weather, will continue to think so. But how cross and ugly it does make them, and how soon they grow old and unattractive, besides exposing themselves to all sorts of diseases.

Dr. Edward McGlynn attended the annual dinner given by Sorosis on the evening of the 29th. He declined to make a speech, but was very social and entertaining. The Rev. Anti-Poverty, he is a great favorite with the ladies, and his bon mots are said to be strikingly original and amusing. One of the ladies had a copy of this week's Puck, with George and McGlynn trying to warm themselves by a candle placed inside of a stove. The likenesses are wonderful. Both men seem to be gazing wistfully into the future while the Rev. Pentecost tries to warm his hands in the rear.

"Yes, they are smart boys down there," said the priest good naturedly.

Caricature was once considered a deadly insult, but it is now looked for and enjoyed even by its victims. President Cleveland is said to derive the deepest pleasure from cartoons of himself, and the more ridiculous they are, the greater the fun. Mr. Blaine, on the contrary, is said not to relish them.

Literary workers and others who like to keep posted upon literary matters, should provide themselves with "The Writer," a monthly magazine crammed full of things that laborers in the vine-yard can certainly not afford to dispense with. It is published in Boston, and is certainly cheap enough one number ten cents, twelve numbers one dollar. This magazine is particularly useful to young writers. To use a Yankeeism, it is the cutest publication I have seen for many a day.

ELEANOR KIRK.

—In the February St. Nicholas Mary Hallock Foote has drawn the frontispiece; two young housekeepers in consultation over family affairs. A touching Russian Christmas story by Amelia E. Barr, entitled "Michael and Feodosia," begins the number, and is appropriately illustrated by E. H. Blashfield. Mrs. Burnett completes "Sara Crewe" by a very delightful happy ending. Mr. Chas. H. Webb contributes a stirring account of the "Diamond backs in Paradise," telling of the rattlesnakes encountered during a winter in Florida. In "The story of an old bridge" will be found a historical sketch of London bridge and the great events with which it has been connected, illustrated with drawing by Peters and Brennan, and by other pictures. The high tides of the Bay of Fundy are explained in an amusing story, "A legend of Acadia," by C. F. Holder; and Lieut. Schwatka, in "How a great Sioux chief was named," gives the origin of the name Spotted Tail, and incidentally, of other similar appellations. Other interesting features are "A wonderful wall," with curious pictures by the author, S. Mary Norton; an answer to Grace Denio Litchfield's poem, "My Other Me," by Alice Wellington Rollins; and the usual pictures jingles and departments.

—The Selectmen are taking account of stock, this being the close of the financial year. With the growth of our town the duties of our town officers increase, and with an effort to keep pace with the times in improvements they have striven to keep a comparative low rate of taxation.

—Even at the eleventh hour we extend our heartiest congratulations to our editor and wife on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedded life, with the earnest hope that their lives may be spared until they shall celebrate their golden wedding.

—The dramatic entertainment comes off this evening. Be sure and go and invite all your friends. The play, "Naval Engagements", is first-class, the actors better than imported talent, the object a noble one—to lend a helping hand to our soldiers who fought so bravely in our late war. Come one, come all.

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## ZEST.

Labor not in the mighty dell,  
But till your harvest hill at morn;  
Stoop to no words that, rank and fell,  
Grow faster than the rustling corn.  
With gladdening eyes go greet the sun,  
Who lifts his brow in varied light;  
Bring light where e'er your feet may run;  
So bring a day to sorrow's night.  
—*Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.*

## AN OLD FRIEND OF PAPA'S.

BY P. SAINSBURY.

It was a cold night. I drew my chair closer to the blazing fire, and rested my feet on the fender, and gazed with satisfaction at the miniature reflection of my comfortable room in the polished knobs of the andirons. (Comfortable! Yes, that expressed it well. It might have been called elegant had there been a woman's hand to add to the graceful finish which a bachelor's apartment always lacks, no matter how handsome or costly its furniture may be. However, I felt well contented with my quarters, and in spite of forty years, a few gray hairs, and a rapidly increasing tendency to baldness, I knew that a handsome face and good income were things that no rational woman would despise; so I had put off the evil day of slavery from one year to another, and enjoyed my liberty, my club, and it may be also my solitude, too much to be in haste to take upon my shoulders the responsibilities of married life.

But on this memorable evening there had come a letter from my father. The dear old man said he was failing (a mere notion of his,) and his one wish was to see his only son married and settled before he departed this life. It was only fair that I should humor this fancy of one who had gratified every wish of mine since I was able to ask for anything, so I sat there musing and making up my mind that the time to sacrifice my freedom had come.

I had always intended to marry, but I thought of it only as a duty to be performed some time in the dim future, a long way off. However, the time had now come, so it was best to have it over quickly. I passed in review the women of my acquaintance, from blushing debutantes to those who had seen nearly as many seasons as myself, but my heart beat no faster as, one after another, I recalled their faces. The clock on the mantel struck nine, and with a sigh I took my feet off the fender, stretched myself, gave a last look at the roaring logs, and passed into my dressing room. This will be a good opportunity, I thought, of singling out what sort of a woman will be likely to make me most comfortable, and least likely to upset my bachelor habits. I gave a well satisfied look at my face in the glass as I brushed my hair. Few women would say nay to such a reflection, joined to a solid bank account.

A debutante, or a woman of sense? There I wavered. Would it be best to take a girl whom I could form, or a woman of the world who would not expect too much? Such, for instance, as Mrs. A.—, for whose ball I was dressing—a charming little widow of three and thirty or thereabouts. By the time I was dressed and ready to start it was after ten, and debutantes were in the ascendant. The first thing was to pick out the one I fancied, and then to pay her marked attention. I smiled, thinking how pleased the dear old man would be to know how soon all would be settled. My hostess greeted me most cordially; it seemed to me that mine was a warmer welcome than that bestowed upon her guests in general. She was charming, and it would be a pleasure to see her sitting opposite at dinner or entertaining one's friends. Yes, the widow was certainly a beautiful woman; perhaps a little too much of the world, worldly; but one cannot have everything.

I passed on, and dropped into a chair beside a bright, clever young girl; she looked pleased as I took the vacant seat and opened a lively conversation; but to-night I noticed more than ever a tendency to defer to me, as if one must not assert one's self too strongly in the face of age. It irritated me; surely I was not so old as that! Presently a younger man came up and took a seat on the other side of her—a stupid young ass, I thought him—and it struck me that I would be doing her a kindness to remain and deliver her from boredom. It was very annoying that whenever she turned her head to speak to him her voice dropped so that I could not hear what was being said. Soon I found my self left wholly to my own entertainment, so I took the hint and walked away; but not before I had heard the youth ask, in a stage-whisper: "Who is the old party?"

So it had come to that! I strolled into the conservatory, and while wandering up and down there I heard the voice of an old college chum whom I had not seen for months. What he was saying I could not hear, and without stopping to think I hastily sought the dim end of the conservatory, from which his voice came.

"Well, old man, I am glad to find you once more," I cried, pushing aside the branches of some plants which hid him from view.

Oh, my unlucky star! I had put my foot into it again. Instead of the warm reception I had counted upon, there came an awkward pause, in which it seemed to me that my friend was doing his best to get as far from a very pretty young lady as the small bench upon which they were seated would allow, while she diligently studied the painting on her fan.

I bolted. "De trop, de trop," I said to myself. There seemed to be no place for me in this gay assemblage. I left the conservatory and made my way back to my hostess. There was old Jim Randolph, a widower and a man of fifty or more, talking to her as if his life depended upon it, and I flattered myself that here at least I would be welcome; but it gave me the uncomfortable feeling of having intruded when I heard him say in an undertone, as he rose: "May I come to-morrow and see you alone?"

Never had I found the widow so hard to talk to as now; she was preoccupied and absent.

"Old Jim Randolph wears pretty well," I said, after having started half a dozen general topics, only to have them dropped in a most summary manner.

"Almost as well as you do," she replied; and rising from her seat, she added: "Come, I will present you to my daughter; she has just returned from traveling abroad, and has been out very little, so you must try to be nice to her."

And before I had time to object, she had marched me off and presented me.

"An old friend of your father's, Alice," she added, after the formal introduction had been gone through.

Now that was really spiteful, and I was so occupied in trying to discover how I had deserved such treatment at her hands that I stood there like a dummy until I heard a voice saying:

"Were you really a friend of papa's at college?"

"No, my dear young lady, I was not," I answered, with much irritation. "Your father graduated years before I was old enough to enter a college; but it pleases our friend Mrs. A.— to make me out a regular old fossil to-night."

"But papa is not so very old," said my companion, in surprise. And now for the first time I noticed how very lovely she was, and wished myself in Guinea for having given such an answer. She would be sure to put me down as a crusty old bachelor after that, and it was all the widow's fault. I would get even with her for it.

Never before did I remember to have met so interesting a girl, and yet one who seemed so totally unconscious of her charms. I went to work in good earnest to try and obliterate the unpleasant impression my first speech must have made. Finding the bore no ill-will for it, we were soon deeply engaged in comparing notes on our travels, and for the first time that evening I felt that I was appreciated.

All too soon it came to an end, for a miserable young whipper-snapper appeared, and bore her away for a waltz. She was too sensible a girl to care for such senseless amusement, I thought; but as I watched her gliding gracefully about with her partner, there was no mistaking her expression for anything but one of thorough enjoyment. Why had I never waltzed? Was it too late to begin now? But what was I coming to—, John Graham, who had always rallied at dancing in general as a pastime fit for idiots, to think of taking it up at this late day? and all because a pretty girl, whom I had known but half an hour, looked happy as she whirled away, and made me jealous of the young idiot who had carried her off. I must be drifting into my second childhood.

I had started out that evening perfectly self-satisfied, and feeling that my presence was something most desirable; yet as I walked home two words kept ringing in my ears—*de trop, de trop*. For the first time I had felt out of place. When I reached my apartments I walked straight to the mirror. Aging! yes; there were lines in my face I had never seen before; and the longer I looked the lower fell the mercury of my spirits. I dropped into my arm-chair in front of the dying embers. Long I sat there thinking. My cosy apartment struck me as cold and cheerless; it needed something—the woman's hand probably; and yet I had never missed it before. When at last I rose and went into my bedroom, it was as another man; my self-conceit was failing away, and I was learning to know John Graham as he really was, not the man my fancy had pictured to me for so many years. The fulfillment of my father's wish did not seem so easy; and instead of writing to him immediately, as I had intended, I put it off from day to day, not because I had given up the intention of gratifying him—far from it. Marriage had never seemed so desirable to me; but as the desirability advanced, my qualifications for it diminished in my own eyes.

"There is no fool like an old fool." How often I had quoted the old saying! but I had never thought of applying it to myself. It came home to me now, and rang in my ears as if I could never get rid of it. I suppose I was an old fool to all outward appearance, for I never had found Jim Randolph attractive before, yet now hardly a day passed but I managed in one way or another to meet him. In due course of time I was invited to the house; I called; I dined there; I dropped in of an evening, generally choosing those which Jim spent at the club or in visiting the widow, to whom he was now very devoted. Sometimes I saw Alice alone, but more frequently there were other visitors, and never could I flatter myself that she treated me more kindly than the others. She was cordial and pleasant to all. She often referred to our first meeting, and insisted upon regarding me as a friend of her father's. At least it was as such that she invariably introduced me to her friends; but once or twice I thought I detected a trace of mischief in her eyes on such occasions. One day I had dropped in early in the afternoon, and after a delightful chat with her, in which I felt that I had made greater progress than ever before, I asked her if she would go skating with me. "What good? Oh, John! Oh, you dear old goose! could not you see that I loved you all the time?"

"You loved me, Alice!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she broke in; "and yet I treated you shamefully." She was kneeling beside me now, with head buried on the arm of my chair. "Oh, John, I am so sorry! Can you forgive me? I began in fun at first, because it provoked me to hear you talk of women as if any of them could be bought by the highest bidder; and then I could not resist teasing you about being papa's friend; and when I found that—that I was caring more and more about you, I determined to try and make you change all those horrid theories of yours before I ever would let you know it. But I did not know you loved me so very, very much, John, and I did not want you to suffer really."

My senses seemed to have left me. I sat there dazed by the sudden happiness which filled my heart.

"And what I heard this afternoon?" I gasped.

"You silly boy!" she cried, lifting her blushing face from the chair, "if you had only waited a minute longer you would never have doubted me for an instant. Now are you satisfied, dear?"

There were no more awkward pauses that evening. It was late when I rose to take my leave. Alice helped me on with my overcoat, and I caught her in my arms as she would have escaped with a hurried "good-night."

"Are you sure, my darling, that you do not regret taking pity on the old house-dog?" I asked, looking down at her.

"Oh, no," she answered, demurely, "not as long as he is an old friend of papa's." And with a mischievous glance she slipped from my arms, and ran laughing away.—*Harper's Weekly.*

father. Compared with that, my little fortune was a mere pittance. The front door shut, and I looked from the window to make sure that my ears had not deceived me. No; there he was, tall and handsome, just such a young fellow as any woman would be proud to call her husband. Then I turned to the mirror over the mantel. What chance would an old house-dog have when compared with such a splendid young mastiff? Of course, she would accept him.

However, if we were to go skating, I must put on a brave face, and save my misery until afterward. When I entered the drawing-room I found Alice, wrapped in her furs, sitting in front of the fire, gazing at it intently. She looked up as I approached her, and there was a suspicious glint about her eyes as she hastily drew her hand across them, saying:

"You startled me, Mr. Graham; I did not hear you come in."

"I have been here some time," I replied, "and have to beg pardon for unintentionally overhauling part of your conversation."

"Did you? Oh, I am sorry."

"Surely you need not grudge an old friend the knowledge of your happiness," I said, with some bitterness.

She looked astonished, but said nothing.

"May I congratulate you?" I asked.

"Not yet, please," was the answer. "But come, Mr. Graham, we must be off, or we will have no time for skating."

We started off, and every minute her spirit rose, while mine sank lower. It seemed hard-hearted to me that she should parade her happiness before my very eyes. Alice never noticed how forced my attempts at liveliness were, but laughed and talked as I had never heard her laugh and talk before. It was the last time that I should ever have her all to myself, and I never took my eyes off of her face, drinking in her beauty, her ever-changing expression, and her glorious eyes, now soft and sympathetic, yet in an instant brimming over with fun and laughter—often enough at my expense.

Jim Randolph was at home when we returned, and would take no refusal to his invitation to stop and dine with them. "For the last time," I said to myself, and stayed. He had an engagement for the evening, and excused himself as soon as dinner was over, leaving us alone. We sat in front of the drawing-room fire after he had gone, and a long and awkward pause ensued.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Alice at last.

"You would not like them," was the surly reply.

"Perhaps not, but I have a fancy to hear them."

"They will only tire you."

"That is for me to decide," she answered; and rising from her low seat she leaned against the mantel, with her face in the shadow, so that I could not see it distinctly, but her voice sounded strangely excited. "Please grant my request," she added.

"Very well," I said; "as you wish it, then, I was thinking of you. Alice, I have loved you since the first time I met you—loved you as I never thought I could love, and until my love for you has become so bound up in my life that now, when I must give you up, life seems but a blank to me. I know I was a fool to think of you. I am too old. What have I to offer you in comparison with the wealth, youth and social standing, that have been seen before; and the longer I looked the lower fell the mercury of my spirits. I dropped into my arm-chair in front of the dying embers. Long I sat there thinking. My cosy apartment struck me as cold and cheerless; it needed something—the woman's hand probably; and yet I had never missed it before. When at last I rose and went into my bedroom, it was as another man; my self-conceit was failing away, and I was learning to know John Graham as he really was, not the man my fancy had pictured to me for so many years. The fulfillment of my father's wish did not seem so easy; and instead of writing to him immediately, as I had intended, I put it off from day to day, not because I had given up the intention of gratifying him—far from it. Marriage had never seemed so desirable to me; but as the desirability advanced, my qualifications for it diminished in my own eyes.

"There is no fool like an old fool." How often I had quoted the old saying! but I had never thought of applying it to myself. It came home to me now, and rang in my ears as if I could never get rid of it. I suppose I was an old fool to all outward appearance, for I never had found Jim Randolph attractive before, yet now hardly a day passed but I managed in one way or another to meet him. In due course of time I was invited to the house; I called; I dined there; I dropped in of an evening, generally choosing those which Jim spent at the club or in visiting the widow, to whom he was now very devoted. Sometimes I saw Alice alone, but more frequently there were other visitors, and never could I flatter myself that she treated me more kindly than the others. She was cordial and pleasant to all. She often referred to our first meeting, and insisted upon regarding me as a friend of her father's. At least it was as such that she invariably introduced me to her friends; but once or twice I thought I detected a trace of mischief in her eyes on such occasions. One day I had dropped in early in the afternoon, and after a delightful chat with her, in which I felt that I had made greater progress than ever before, I asked her if she would go skating with me. "What good? Oh, John! Oh, you dear old goose! could not you see that I loved you all the time?"

"You loved me, Alice!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she broke in; "and yet I treated you shamefully." She was kneeling beside me now, with head buried on the arm of my chair. "Oh, John, I am so sorry! Can you forgive me? I began in fun at first, because it provoked me to hear you talk of women as if any of them could be bought by the highest bidder; and then I could not resist teasing you about being papa's friend; and when I found that—that I was caring more and more about you, I determined to try and make you change all those horrid theories of yours before I ever would let you know it. But I did not know you loved me so very, very much, John, and I did not want you to suffer really."

My senses seemed to have left me. I sat there dazed by the sudden happiness which filled my heart.

"And what I heard this afternoon?" I gasped.

"You silly boy!" she cried, lifting her blushing face from the chair, "if you had only waited a minute longer you would never have doubted me for an instant. Now are you satisfied, dear?"

There were no more awkward pauses that evening. It was late when I rose to take my leave. Alice helped me on with my overcoat, and I caught her in my arms as she would have escaped with a hurried "good-night."

"Are you sure, my darling, that you do not regret taking pity on the old house-dog?" I asked, looking down at her.

"Oh, no," she answered, demurely, "not as long as he is an old friend of papa's." And with a mischievous glance she slipped from my arms, and ran laughing away.—*Harper's Weekly.*

## Mighty Tough.

We are at liberty to doubt the story of the near-sighted old lady, who was called to account by her lodger for giving him a terribly tough steak. She had fried her wooden holder, instead of a slice of meat. To charge tough rations to some such mistake will do very well for a joke, however.

The baneful influence of the modern cooking academy will penetrate the interior of our best households, in spite of all endeavors to return to the good old-fashioned cooking of our mothers. "That looks very nice, indeed," remarked Mr. Fitzroy to his better half, as he uncovered the breakfast dish. "What is it?" That is the new cook's specialty. "Tripe smothered in crumbs of bread." "Well, I should say so," as he made an unsuccessful attempt to cut it. "It's mighty tough." "I don't see. The cook had a diploma. She ought to be a good one." "Oh, that accounts for it. She's fried the diploma."—*Good Clean.*

## ARIZONA'S ANCIENT RACE

## VESTIGES OF A CIVILIZATION OLDER THAN THE PYRAMIDS

## Ruins of Cities Once Peopled By a Teeming Population—Agricultural and Other Implements.

A letter from Arizona to the New York *Sun*, says: The Hemenway expedition, under the direction of Frank Cushing, has been at work for several months and has excavated the ruins of a city three miles long and two miles wide. The excavations are not continuous, but have been made at various points along the main street and at the limits of the town, the extent of which is clearly established. Mr. Cushing acquired from the Zuni Indians, among whom he has lived for some years, the knowledge of customs and traditions which enabled him to find the buried cities of the Salt River Valley. The first one excavated is called Los Muertos, the City of the Dead. There are nineteen buried cities in the Salt River valley alone, and Los Muertos, which had a population of at least 10,000, is one of the smallest. The entire valley was once a system of cities with adobe farms, and up in the mountains are sacrificial caves and pueblos of stone, many of which never have been explored and are entirely unknown to the wandering tourist and sightseer.

The people who lived in these cities were not Aztecs, as was supposed. They were of the race that preceded the Aztecs, and had upon this continent a civilization older than the pyramids. This is proved by the human remains and relics found in the houses that have been dug out. Ethnological research prosecuted by Mr. Cushing by the comparative method demonstrates that the dwellers of the plain were Toltecs, and that they reached a high state of civilization many centuries before the Aztecs appeared. They were probably of Asiatic origin, but not Mongolian. The Indian of the Pacific coast appears to be Mongolian and a later immigrant from Asia. The age of the Toltec ruins is reckoned in thousands of years.

The Toltecs were agricultural people, and had the plain of Tempe under a high state of cultivation. The climate and character of soil were apparently the same as now, and a vast system of irrigation was required to make the land productive. The ditches dug by the Toltecs can be traced to day, and the maps made by the surveyor of the Hemenway party show at least three hundred miles of this work. The plain appears to be level, but in fact it slopes very gradually to the southwest. The Toltecs were better irrigators than the farmers of to-day. They were satisfied with a very slight flow, and consequently were able to conduct water to every part of the plain of Tempe. The higher ground, which is now a desert, was reached by levees upon which the water flowed. The bottoms of these ditches and levees, hardened by the water flowing over them, have resisted the leveling power of the elements. The banks have disappeared, leaving the bottom elevated slightly above the plain, and these hardened surfaces are now used as roads all over the valley. In some places the irrigating canal was cut through the solid rock with stone implements, and at Mesa City the Mormons are now using one of these ancient canals. The cost of making that cut to-day, with improved tools and machinery, would be \$20,000.

The Toltecs had no occasion to raise more corn than they could consume, and therefore the population of the plain may be calculated on the basis of cultivated acreage. The 4,000 Pima Indians on the Gila irrigate 10,000 acres, support themselves and sell 9,000,000 pounds of wheat yearly. It is within bounds to place the ancient population at 250,000, and the extent of the ruined cities justifies that estimate. That, however, is only the population of the plain of Tempe. The

## FRONTIER PRIVILITIES.

The All Night Dance in Which "Old Virginia Never Tires."

A writer in the American Magazine gives a very felicitous description of a dancing party in the sparsely settled portion of Virginia.

These parties are events of great importance, drawing friends and acquaintances for many miles around. They will come, perhaps from distant counties, a day's journey or more, to participate in the festivities.

The method of travel is "on horse-back," and as the roads are bad and frequently bridgeless, the journeying must be accomplished between "sun up" and dark. This would be sufficient reason, if there were no other, for keeping up their merry-making through the entire night, as is the universal custom.

Old and young join in the dancing, which is only suspended for the hearty supper at midnight, and the "sweet supper" as it is called, of cakes, jellies and tarts, which is furnished just before daybreak.

As the sun rises the visitors mount their horses and start on their homeward journey, perhaps of many hours duration. It seems like paying a severe penalty for a few hours enjoyment, but these tough, hardy settlers, do not physically as easily as our modern hot-house society plants.

In the log-cabin days of the early settlers in the northern states, the all-night dance was a common feature of social life, and old and young, for miles around, were participants. They were a hardy race, perhaps because they enjoyed themselves, took plenty of exercise and but little medicine. They enjoyed a rugged old age, because they found medicine for their simple ailment in nature's remedies, the roots and herbs of near-by fields and forests, which cured them and left no after ill effects.

The people of today might be more rugged and enjoy life better if they would have recourse to nature's remedies, instead of mind-drugs. With a purpose of giving them a chance to try this course, H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure, have prepared from the best recipes, used in real log cabin days, a line of remedies known as Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, comprising a Sarsaparilla, a Hops and Buchu Remedy, a Cough and Consumption Remedy, an Extract for External and Internal use, Liver Pills, Rose Cream for catarrh, Scalpines for Head and Hair and a Porous Plaster. They are all vegetable compounds, harmless, and such remedies as were used by our grandmothers with the best effects.

The Indians fatten their turkeys with walnuts. Thirty days before the fowl is to be killed one walnut is to be staved down his throat. Each day he is given an additional walnut, and on the 29th day he has twenty-nine walnuts. He is then exceeding full.

### The Correct Time.

There are very few men who do not pride themselves on always having the correct time; and when they have it, they are sure to be desirous to enable them to do so. But the more delicate a chronometer is made, the more subject it becomes to derangement, and unless it is kept always perfectly clean, it soon loses its usefulness. Who would then, then that the human machine is much more delicate and intricate than any work of Man, desire it to be kept thoroughly cleansed. The liver is the main-spring of this complex structure, and the impurities left in the blood by a disordered liver depend most of the ills that flesh is heir to. Even consumption (which is lung-scarfola), is traceable to the imperfect action of this vital organ. Diseases, skin diseases, sick headache, heart disease, etc., etc., a long catalogue of grave maladies have their origin in a torpid or sluggish liver. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, by establishing a healthy, normal action of the liver, acts as a cure and preventive of these diseases.

There were \$40,000,000 worth of candy made in New York City last week.

### A Memory of Early Days.

Bane of childhood's tender years. Swallowed oft with grates and tears, How it made the flesh recoil. Loathsome, greasy castor oil! Search your early memory close. Till you find another dose: All the shuddering frame revolts At the thought of that same salit Underneath the pill-bald head Was a greater horror hid, Climax of all in Ward Hill. Huge and grueling old blue pills!

What a contrast to the mild and gentle action of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets, sugar-coated, easy to take, cleansing, recuperating, renovating the system without wrenching it with agony. Sold by druggists.

In 1868 there were in the prisons of the United States, 53,000 men and 5,000 women.

### \$500 Reward

is offered, in good faith, by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. It is mild, soothing and healing in its effects, and cures "cold in the head," catarrhal deafness, throat affections, and many other complications of this distressing disease. 50 cents, by druggists.

55,507 acres in Connecticut are under oyster cultivation along the Sound shore.

### A Sensible Man

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and all Throat and Lung Troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a Sample Bottle Free to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Large bottles, 50 cents and \$1.

### A Thing of Beauty.

Hood's Home Remedy for 1888, as usual, leads all others in beauty and style. The leading feature about it, because it is unique in Calendula, is that it is cut-out, as if by hand, and the bright, healthy face of a handsome young girl with a wealth of brown hair, contrasts beautifully with her blue bonnet and smiling face. It is a marvel of color printing. The feet of the head, with a special design for every month, and there is condensed upon it a large amount of valuable information; indeed, it has so many points of excellence that it must be seen to be appreciated. Copies may be obtained at the drug stores, or by sending five cents in stamps to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

### Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been cured. Send \$1.00 and I will send two bottles of my remedy, gratis, to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

### Itching Piles.

Symptoms: Moisture; intense itching and stinging; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumor form, which often occurs and becomes chronic, etc. Dr. SWAYNE'S Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. Equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Also sold by druggists.

If, after a ten day's trial of Taylor's Hospital Cure for Catarrh, the remedy fails to meet the requirements of the case the price will be refunded. Address, City Hall Pharmacy, 264 Broadway, New York, for free pamphlet.

Hallucinated with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-Water. Druggists at Superbottles.

N. E. Five

**Purity and Strength**

The former in the blood and the latter throughout the system, are necessary to the enjoyment of perfect health. The best way to secure both is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels all impurities from the blood, removes the kidneys and liver, overcomes that tired feeling, and imparts that freshness to the body, which makes one feel perfectly well.

"I have taken one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and since day it is one of the best medicines for giving an appetite, purifying the blood and regaining the digestive organs, that I ever heard of. It did me a great deal of good." SAM. H. STANLEY, Cincinnati, N. Y.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per lb. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Attleboro, Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar**

**PIDS CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**

## FARM AND GARDEN.

### Best Use of Bones.

The earliest and quietest way to reduce bones known to me, says a Correspondent of the New York Tribune, is to break the large ones into pieces about the size of a boy's hand, place them in a large iron kettle (the larger the better), then fill the kettle with strong lye made from wood ashes and boil them. In a few hours all the softer bones will be dissolved; the harder ones may be returned to the next batch. After the dissolution is accomplished the liquid may be mixed with the leached ashes, with an equal quantity of well dried and pulverized mud or other earth. On land where there is a fair amount of humus, this compost is one of the best known. A half pint of the mixture on a hill of potatoe or corn works wonders; and there is no better fertilizer for the vineyard, where it has the effect not only to produce large clusters and large berries, but to greatly improve the quality of the fruit. There is nothing better for onions than this, applied or sprinkled along the rows after the first weeding. Hen manure should not be mixed with this compost, as the potash decomposes it, discharging the ammonia into the air, entailing the loss of its most valuable ingredient.

### A Change of Seed.

The prevalent belief among farmers that a change of seed is beneficial and that the best seed is brought from a cooler climate has been proved by tests made at the Canadian experimental farm at Ottawa. The vitality or germinating ability for wheat brought from Manitoba was found to be 30 per cent., of barley 37 per cent., and oats 35 per cent., against 32, 33 and 35 per cent. of seed produced in the Eastern provinces of Canada. This fact has a most important significance in regard to the choice of seed. The average yield of oats in the Southern States is 20 to 25 bushels per acre of grain, weighing 24 to 28 pounds per bushel, and this low yield is due in a great measure to the use of seed of this inferior character. Where oats imported from Scotland are weighing 31 pounds per bushel, his been sown in a Southern State the yield was over 60 bushels per acre measured, and the grain was nearly as plump and hearty as the seed used. The same will no doubt apply to the Southern wheat, of which the average yield is no more than seven bushels per acre. Much the same occurs in the Northern and Western States, and, indeed, everywhere that seed is used from the crops grown in the locality and without selection. A change of seed produces more vigorous and productive crops, and the grain necessarily possesses superior vitality. The careful selection of seed is of the greatest importance and is a matter for present consideration and discussion.

*New York Times.*

### Raising Pork.

Pork, says W. H. Yeomans in the New York Observer, has been an important production of the farm in the past, and is likely to be in the future, although a speaker at the meeting of the Connecticut State Board of Agriculture, hoped the day would come when pork would cease to be produced and cease to be an article of diet. Upon the farm, other matters are to be considered than prejudice, and the direct and indirect profit coming from pork raising will be likely to exert an influence for some time in the future.

In the raising of pork there are several points that have an important influence; hogs or pigs will consume for food, and thrive thereon, waste material that would hardly be turned to any other purpose, and which is an important help in promoting the growth and development of the animal, especially while young and before the time for fattening arrives. It is not an uncommon thing for a farmer having an average family, and well provided with milk cows, to secure the early growth and development of several pigs upon waste material alone.

There is nothing better for pigs than skim milk, and this, when supplemented by scraps of stale bread and other refuse from the table, will cause rapid growth. While it is true in case of farmers in the vicinity of cities, villages, or near shipping stations that skim milk represents a commercial value, comparatively few farmers so consider it, and hence it is classed as a waste product, although some recent trials point to its profitable use as a feeding product for other animals. Again, hogs are profitably employed in orchards in devouring insect infected fruit, and so render important and valuable aid in the prevention, to some extent, of some of the pests that threaten to overrun the farmer. So during the summer and early fall quite a number of hogs may be very cheaply kept.

And so long as they serve so useful a purpose as that of turning to some profit the waste substance of the farm, and with the remembrance of delicious sausages, nice pork-chops, the juicy spare-rib and the much sought pork ham, to gather with the demand that arises for lard in the culinary department, as well as the piece of nice pork with which to season the pot of baked beans, or of corn and beans, the vision of the time when pork raising will cease will grow dim and fade away.

Another important consideration, and one which has much weight with intelligent farmers, is the ability of hogs or pigs to convert refuse material into a most valuable fertilizer, especially when confined, as is the more general custom of the present day. With a pen well supplied with turfs, leaves, weeds, and in fact almost anything that has fertilizing elements in its composition, a large amount of manure will be made which for some crops possesses a peculiarly effective effect.

*New Phase of the Western Boom.*

But the land of Kansas is a wonder. A town no bigger than a voting precinct will have street cars and electric lights and corner lots. It just makes a man's back ache to look at Wichita. Street cars line running twenty miles out in the country. Six universities going up. The very ground a quiver with excitement and growth. Different from anything you ever saw in all your life. Everything booming except the saloons. Shows that you can boom a town clear up into the millions without the aid of one whisky shop. The old idea was that when you boomed a Western town you started in with a saloon every other door and a church or two came along by and by. In Wichita you stumble over the churches and lost in the labyrinth of "Homes" and Reading Rooms, but you have to sneak around and learn the ropes and lie a little to get a drink. And yet the boom goes on. —*Harold.*

"I should infer, sir," he said to a young man, "from the air of hauteur and easy self-possession which seem to be your distinguishing characteristics, that you have mixed much with the world and have traveled extensively."

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, graciously unbending, "I have been an extensive traveler in my time. For the past eight years I've been a brakeman on the elevated road." —[New York Sun

## S. JACOBS OIL



LUMBAGO.

Carriage.—Why so many deviate from a graceful carriage may be accounted for in as many ways as there are misshapen beings.

MUSCULAR WEAKNESS.

Lame Back.—The spinal column is the mainstay of the body, which stiffens up the straight man or woman, and nature has provided muscular supports to hold it erect.

TWISTED OUT OF SHAPE.

Distortions.—Men and women recklessly twist themselves out of shape, and the result is the few standing straight and the many bending down.

SYMPOTOMS.

Pains.—Those which afflict the back are the most insidious or subtle. They come at times without warning; we rise from a sitting posture to find the back so crippled or strained as to cause acute suffering.

TREATMENT.

Cure.—Rub the parts afflicted freely with St. Jacobs Oil; rub hard and vigorously, producing warmth, and if the pain is slow in yielding, wrap the parts in flannel damped in hot water and wring out.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

THE CHARLES A. VOGEL CO., Baltimore, Md.

## MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.

Any book learned in one reading.

Recommended by MARK TWAIN, RICHARD PROCTOR, DR. MIRVAN, & C. L. JONES. Dr. J. B. DENTON: 100 at Meriden; 200 at Norwich; 300 at Oberlin College; two classes of 300 each at Yale; 400 at University of Pennsylvania; 200 at Wesleyan College, and three large classes at Chautauqua University. PROF. LOINETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE EVIL

Of the age is kidney and bladder disease. More than half

of all deaths are caused by it. Hunt's Remedy is an absolute relief, as thousands of saved men and women can testify. Sold by all apothecaries and dealers.

Nothing will pay better for time and means expended, than to card your cattle every morning. It helps to lay on fat, promotes the health by keeping the coat soft and oily, and, in case of milk cows, the milk is more pure and healthy.

Few things will do farmers more good than well-managed Institutes, a few things will do more to make a guy of intelligent agriculture than poorly managed Institutes, where politicians and other interested parties are given space, thinks

*The Rural New Yorker.*

No land is cheap but good land; one acre that will produce thirty bushels of wheat is worth a good deal more than three acres that will produce but ten bushels each. "Many a man who has struggled for a lifetime on 100 acres of thin, hungry land would be better off if he had given his farm away in early manhood," says *Philadelphia Press*.

Corn cobs should be saved for using in smoke houses. They are excellent for turning hams and shoulders the right kind of brown. The housewife, too, finds their ashes very strong in potash.

In olden times corn-cob ashes were often used as saleratus in now, for correcting acidity. Much of the mineral substance in the corn crop goes into its cob, and this may often be of value for highly fed stock, to correct acidity of the stomach.

The complete fertilizer for potatoes is best applied broadcast on the plowed ground and harrowed in; the potatoes are then planted. It is worth in the market about \$40 per ton or less, according to the locality. Any dealer in fertilizers can supply you or procure it for you. A good home-made complete fertilizer may be made of 500 pounds of unbleached wood ashes, 200 pounds of superphosphate of lime, and 100 pounds of meat and blood fertilizer. This is enough for one acre.

At least once a year says the Cultivator, the farmer should take account of stock and make a careful estimate of his property and of his gains or losses during the year. For some reasons, this month may not be as good a time for the farmer to do this work as would be March or April. The hay in the barn, the corn in the crib and the vegetables in the cellar are greater in amount, and if they must be accurately weighed or measured, it would be quite a task. But there is more leisure time to do this work than there would be in the spring, and it is not difficult to make an estimate of amount and value of all that is on hand which will be sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes.

*New York Times.*

THE CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop their fits, but to have them entirely removed. I have a medical friend who has a cure for fits. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy.

Send for my remedy to cure the worst case. Name and address.

W. H. PARKER, M.D., 181 Pearl St., New York.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

## CALF SKINS

Forms. Cash furnished on satisfactory guarantee.

Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S.

## CURE FOR THE DEAF

Send for my remedy to cure the deaf. Name and address.

W. H. PARKER, M.D., 181 Pearl St., New York.

## FRAZER AXLE GREASE

Send for

## THE VIRTUES OF LAUGHTER.

Country Schoolboys Turned Loose—Laughing All Over—Shouting Happy.

Now go to a school house in the country where the youngsters are let loose hell merrily. Out they come with a rush, and every throat is doing its utmost to add to an uproar of sounds. Part of it is a babble of words, part a pure set of yelps like my dog. They run hither and thither, and stand on one leg. They turn handsprings, and do a dozen impulsive things that have no other purpose than to express happiness. I do not think it is any disgrace to the chaps so say it is an overflow of animal spirits, and in a way very much as my dog expresses himself. I should be glad if my own condition could be more generally of the same sort. Only there is no denying that if boys be allowed to shout as they will they become shocking nuisances. Yes, young gents, you are a legitimate product of vitality, but one can't let you shout the top of his head off. On the whole, if they will let you loose, you will soon run quiet. Boys are a good deal like spouting geysers—noisy and quiet by turns. But if we had never outgrown this boy period, and could get on without philosophizing and printing, and editing newspapers, and doing so many other exhausting things! Ah, yes—if. But we did not stop at the right point, but went on into what we call ripe years. There has been too much evolution. We should have been satisfied at the shouting happy point.

The object of language of all sorts seems to be to express satisfaction or distress, joy or grief. Far back of primitive man, indeed at the very origin of life, there was some method of expressing satisfaction and dissatisfaction. When the head was established and vocalization achieved a great deal of language was left distributed all over the body.

When a person is thoroughly happy the tongue is altogether insufficient to tell of it.

Laughter is a remnant of the old sort of language, only we have a facial laughter that often supersedes a real all over laughter.

But I know a few men who always laugh from top to toe. There is the shaking laugh, that is likened to the quiver in a bowl of good, thick set jelly. When it begins it goes in ripples from side to side, and perpetual motion seems absolutely to have set in. And there is the roaring laughter that throws the practitioner into convulsions until he must hold his sides and gasp for breath.

A really good laugh is a healthy man. I have seen many a patient cured by a good story. I have in mind one who was in a despondent melancholy that had brooded over him for weeks. A cat had nestled by his side, and he involuntarily had stroked it. Pussy turned up her nose to touch his hand, when a flash of electricity leaped from it, and pussy was both shocked, confounded and insulted.

Drawing back in great dignity, and with an appearance of vast intellectual amazement, she gave him two cuffs of a decided sort and stalked off. The man instantly broke into a laugh, and, as he expressed it, "couldn't stop." His whole system reacted from depression. He laughed till he was sore; and was cured.

Of course there is liable to be a touch of the hysterical about such a break up; but it will do no harm. I recommend laughter as a preventive against disease, and as a cure for illness of both body and mind.

Children should be encouraged to laugh. They should be taught to laugh loudly, strongly and all over. Laughing can become a matter of education as well as talking or singing. Have them stand up, with their hand on their hips, and begin. It is a capital exercise. You need only start the roar. It is catching. As soon as one urchin has exploded the rest will be at it. It will run up and down the line, and you will end by having all your pupils on their backs, about happy.

So if you ask me what I consider most essential to health, vigor and longevity, I answer a plenty of laughter and a plenty of shouting. We should never check children from a reasonable amount of noise making, and never get beyond it ourselves. If possible have some place, a grove or, if not better, a barn, where you can shout as loudly as you please and blow out good full draughts of the purest air. We ought never to get beyond play. A good game of quoits or tennis, has half its advantage in letting our lungs have full play. We can laugh as loudly as we please and shout with the young folks. Nearly all old age is folly, a useless drying up, owing to false notions of manhood and propriety. Mark this, my friend, don't outgrow the shouting happy point.—M. Maurice, M. D., in *Globe-Democrat*.

## The Food Question.

The subject of food has never yet received a common sense consideration. There is no doubt but a vast amount of wholesome food products are yet overlooked. During the grasshopper invasion it was proved by Professor Riley and some of our normal school teachers that such creatures may serve as an excellent article of food, yet the people preferred semi-starvation to even tasting them. Snails are luxuries in France. It was long before frogs found a market in this country. Mr. Wallace tells us eggs are never eaten by Pacific Islanders. Strawberries are rejected by some of the tropical races. Esquimaux reject all vegetable food. The people of New Guinea pronounce bread a detestable affair. Milk is used very little in some of our southern states, as it is seldom tasted by tribes in Africa that keep large herds. One tribe in New Guinea abhors sugar, but devours salt. Snakes are an article of diet quite largely in Asia.—Globe-Democrat.

## Durability of Gutta Percha.

As illustrating the durability of gutta percha, there was recently shown a specimen of it that had laid immersed in water between Blackwell's Island and New York for a period of thirty-seven years, and is still in first class condition.

The only indication of wear on the gutta percha is where it rubbed against the rocks on the bottom of the river, and that is very slight. Another specimen is of a ten conductor gutta percha insulated underground cable, which was recently taken from the grounds around the Capitol at Washington, where it was laid in 1873. The cable of which this is a section is still working, and the specimen gives every indication of being as good as when first put down, fourteen years ago.—Frank Leslie's.

## OREGON WILD CATTLE.

The Strange Breed That Inhabits the Top of the Umpqua Mountains.

"California sportsmen can now go up to Oregon and shoot wild cattle," said John Day, an Umpqua mountain pioneer, referring to the completion of the railroad. "It is a fact that there are hundreds of wild cattle in the high hills skirting the Umpqua valley, and some of them are not more than a couple of miles from the railroad track. Some of these cattle, too, are 25 years old or more. In the mountains near Riddles and Rosebud they are probably the thickest, but they do not venture down in the valley much. They stay in the tops of the hills and get water from the living springs which rise there. For the most part they are concealed in the dense growth of oak and fir in these mountains. There is heavy underbrush, too, so that it is a hard matter to get on to them. They go in bands of six or eight usually, but at night a herd of forty or fifty get together and lie down in the same yard—that is, they sleep on the same spot, which is usually a secluded place among the trees. A band of wild cattle have been known to get together on a cleared place like this every night for a couple of years.

"When feeding there are always a few bulls to act as sentinels. While the cattle graze in bands of half a dozen or so, they are nevertheless close to other bands, so that at any alarm from any one of the bulls, which leisurely feed on higher ground, they all run away together.

"The cattle are of all colors and wilder than deer. It is a hard matter to get a shot at them for the reason that their sense is so keen. They can smell a man a long distance off. They got wild in 1853 when the old man Riddles and two or three others of the first settlers came to the valley. Their cows wandered off and could not be found. After two or three years, all the pioneers had to do when they wanted beef was to rig out two or three pack animals and go up into the mountains. The cattle had to be killed on sight the same as deer or bear, for they could no more be driven down than deer could. Once killed they were quartered, packed on the horses, and carried down. They have been hunted a good deal of late years, so that there are not as many as there used to be.

"Some of the cattle are very large and fat. I have caught glimpses of bulls in the top of the Umpqua hills that astonished me. A bull I saw in the fall of '78 on the head of the Rogue river I am certain would weigh 1,400 pounds. There is good grazing in the mountains all the year round. A peculiarity about these cattle is that their eyes and horns are jet black. The retina, iris and the whole apple of the eye are one mass of black. You can't distinguish any difference in any part of it. The horns, too, while being black as ink, are long and very sharp. Brought to bay, the Oregon wild cattle are very wicked fighters."

San Francisco Examiner.

## Old Times in Louisiana.

Those "society balls" were conducted with great propriety and reserve. The claim of every person of both sexes to be admitted having been previously determined by the responsible and trusty committee, there was a sort of temporary and conventional equality on the terpsichorean floor, and, therefore, every gentleman had the privilege to invite a lady without the formality of an introduction to figure in the dance as his partner. After it was over he escorted her back respectfully to her seat, without presumption, if unknown and not duly presented, to remain standing before her, or to sit by her side, to continue the conversation or prolong the accidental acquaintance.

During the intervals of dancing the gentlemen walked up and down between the rows of ladies that densely lined the hall, some merely bowing as they passed to those whom they knew and others stopping to converse. No woman, married or single, joined in this promenading with a male companion, as is the custom in these present days, and the eye of a lynx could not have detected the slightest flirtation. The word itself was not known, for the thing it means is for Louisiana a modern invention, which had not then been patented and brought out for public use. In fact, this peculiar pastime would have been impossible to attempt. It would have produced a social earthquake.—American Magazine.

## The Color of the Sea.

Artists always seem at a loss to deal with the color of the sea, and few are those who please the public. Professor Tyndall has come to their aid. He recognizes three principal hues in sea waves—blue, green and yellow. Solid particles held in the water act as minute mirrors reflecting the light which penetrates the liquid. The rays which are sent out, after having traversed only a thin stratum of water, preserve their yellow parts; but if the reflections are attenuated the water appears green; and if they are free from muddy matters, the color is deep blue. In an indigo sea the crest of the waves will appear green on account of their lack of thickness. Seaweed, animalcules and other local or accidental causes may have much influence on the color of the water.—Court Journal.

## Finishing a Buffalo.

I saw an old Indian, over 60 years of age, apparently, following a buffalo that was just able to drag himself along with three arrows in his side. The old man's quiver was empty, and he was impatient to finish him. He slid cautiously from his pony, and, stealing up behind the buffalo, sprang forward, snatching one of the arrows from his side and sending it quick as a flash into his heart.—L. B. Platt in *The Cosmopolitan*.

## Separate Pieces in a Watch.

The average watch is composed of 175 different pieces, comprising upward of 2,400 separate and distinct operations in its manufacture. The balance has 18,000 beats or vibrations per hour; 12,000,000 in thirty days. 157,680,000 in one year; it travels 1 43-100 inches with each vibration, which is equal to 9 3-4 miles in twenty-four hours, 292 1-2 miles in thirty days, or 8,558 3-4 miles in one year.—Christian Union.

"Ef yer joste de bread pan de year won't rise dor: de 'tron' do ter pass some folks whilst they be workin'.

## ROYAL



## BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and whiteness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St.

N. Y.

A young man who is just now having a great many domestic discussions says that he has fully made up his mind that women constitute the unfair sex.

"Indian Dept." WASHINGTON, D. C. I am anxious to introduce Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup among my Indians, having used it myself for several months, and think it one of the finest remedies I ever found. I assure you it is the only thing that ever relieved me of a protracted cough brought on by exposure while on the Sioux Commission last year.

A. G. BOONE, Agent for Poncas and U. S. Commissioner.

There is no doubt of the popularity of the parcel post in England. Nearly 130,000 parcels are said to pass through the post on an average day, while nearly 40,000 are carried in the year.

## DON'T

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and of offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Bachee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it and "know how it is themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

The King of Siam is father to over thirty children. If he has had to get up nights and walk the floor with all of them he merits the tender sympathy of all fathers.

"Adam, the goodliest man of men since born," still could not be called exactly enviable, for when he tilled the ground in the dewy twilight and caught a sharp touch of rheumatism, he had no Salvation Oil for his cure, and twenty-five cents to try it.

A wagon load of squirrels was sold at Hot Spring, Ark., a few days since, the vendor selling them by the bushel.

"It is worth its weight in gold," is a common expression. But, while the value of gold is easily affected, the worth of Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier, never depreciates. It will eradicate scrofula from the system when everything else fails.

In Dawsonville, a prohibitory town in Georgia, the sale of Jamaica ginger for tipping purposes has been forbidden. They make it hot for the drinking man down there.

Croup, whooping cough, sore throat, sudden cold, and the lung troubles peculiar to children, are easily controlled by promptly administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The remedy is safe to take and certain in its action.

## Methods of Advertising.

Ingenuity is now expended in selection of places and starting lettering. As soon as a new building on one of the city streets reaches the stage of growth that requires it to be fenced in for the protection of passers by, the advertising locusts descend upon the owner and bid for the privilege of using the screen for advertising purposes. Vacant lots are filled out with big sign fences, and space is sold to advertisers and their signs painted on. —New York Graphic.

An article on "The Lawyer's Conscience" is published in a New York newspaper. A greater part of the article is taken up with an attempt to prove the existence of the subject.

## The Great Success

Of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is due to the fact that it meets the wants of the people, being economical to use and always reliable and effective. Its ingredients are the best, and their combination the result of profound study and skill. Thus, for all diseases originating in impure blood, Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands unrivaled.

"As a blood-purifier and general builder-up of the system," says Eugene I. Hill, M. D., 351 Sixth Ave., New York, "I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Mrs. Eliza A. Clough, Matron of the M. E. Seminary, Tilton, N. H., writes: "Every winter and spring my family, including myself, use several bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Experience has convinced me that, as a powerful blood-purifier, it is superior to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla."

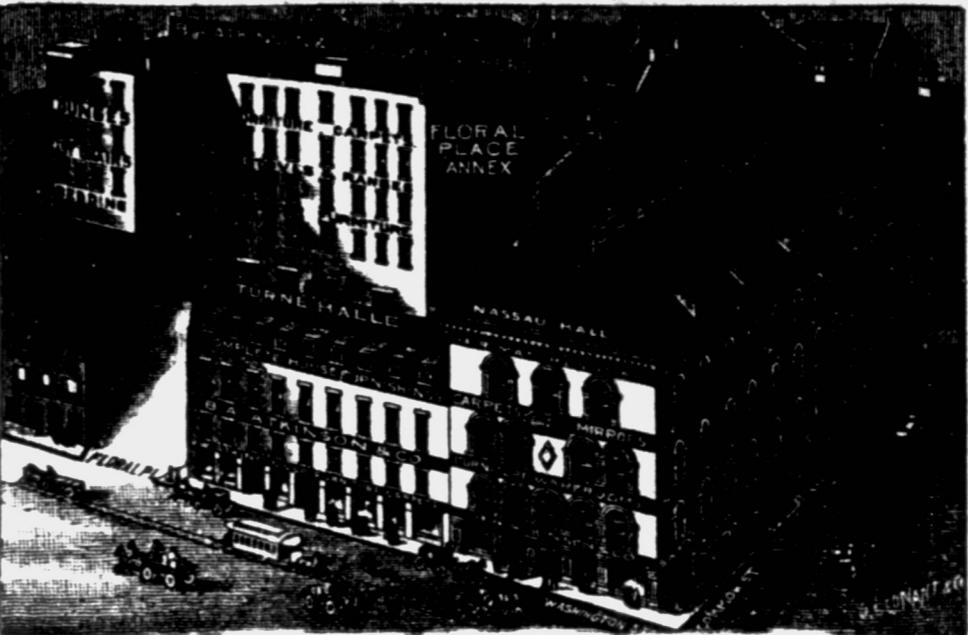
Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives better antiseptics than any other blood medicine I handle."—Geo. W. Whitman, Druggist, Albany, Indiana.

"Ef yer joste de bread pan de year

won't rise dor: de 'tron' do ter pass some folks whilst they be workin'.

Frank Leslie's.

Prepared by Dr. J. O. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 50c. by bottle, 50c.



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## B. A. Atkinson & Co., LIBERAL HOUSE FURNISHERS,

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## A COMPLETE LINE OF HOUSE FURNISHINGS,

The LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT in the UNITED STATES Devoted to their line of business. They sell for either CASH OR ON INSTALMENTS ON THE MOST LIBERAL TERMS, AND DELIVER FREE ALL GOODS bought of them to any city or town where there is a railroad freight station in ME., N. H., MASS., R. I. OR CONN.

They continue their LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS which are as follows:

Customers living in the States of Mass., R. I. or Conn., who buy \$50 worth of goods, are allowed fare to Boston for one person.

Customers who live in the above States, who buy \$100 worth of goods, are allowed fares both ways for one person.

## THEIR PRICES

Are for NEW GOODS bought this season, and NOT for old stock, and any person who contemplates buying anything in their line will do well to avail themselves of this rare opportunity.

## PARLOR FURNITURE.

In this line we carry a most COMPLETE STOCK. Below we quote price for two or three pieces.

A 7-PIECE HAIR CLOTH PARLOR SUITE, prime quality goods, first-class work, including a beautiful large Smyrna rug. This room alone sells for \$60. We will sell the parlor suite, suit and rug together, for only \$35.00.

A CRUSHED PLUSH PARLOR SUITE, 7 pieces complete, either in one color or a combination of colors, \$40.00.

AN EMBOSSED PLUSH PARLOR SUITE, 7 pieces complete, either in one color or a combination of colors, \$35.00.

A SINGLE OVEN RANGE, all ware and pipe complete, only \$14.00.

A DOUBLE OVEN RANGE, all ware and pipe complete, only \$20.00.

Parlor Stoves at All Prices and in All Styles.

The Ranges above quoted we will guarantee bakers or no sale. In addition we carry most of the popular makes, and can give satisfaction every time.

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Decorated Bed Stand Lamps.....1.00 up.

Solid Brass Stand Lamps.....1.00 up.

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